





# THE ANTIPODES.

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*A COMEDIE.*

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Acted in the yeare 1638. by the Queenes  
Majesties Servants, at *Salisbury*  
Court in Fleet-street.

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The Author *Richard Brome.*

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*Hic totus volo rideat Libellus. Mart.*

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L O N D O N :

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and in Westminster-hall. 1640.

THE

# ANTHROPOLOGICAL

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The Author

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TO  
THE RIGHT

Honourable

VVILLIAM

Earle of *Hertford, &c.*

My Lord :



He long experience, I have had  
of *your Honours* favourable in-  
tentions towards me, hath com-  
pell'd me to this *Presumption*.  
But I hope *your Goodnesse* will be pleased  
to pardon what *your Benignity* was the  
cause of, *viz.* the error of my *Dedication*.  
Had *your Candor* not encourag'd me, in  
this I had beene innocent: Yet (*I beseech*  
*you*) thinke not, I *intend* it any other, then  
*your Recreation* at your retirement from your

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

weighty *Employments* ; and to be the *Declaration* of your gracious encouragements towards me, and the testimony of my *Gratitude*. If the publicke view of the world entertayn it with no lesse welcome, then that private one of the *Stage* already has given it, I shall be glad the *World* owes you the *Thanks* : If it meet with too severe *Construction*, I hope your *Protection*. What hazards soever it shall juggle with, my desires are it may pleasure your *Lordship* in the perusall, which is the only ambition he is conscious of, who is

My Lord,

Your Honour's  
humbly devoted:

Richard Brome.

To censuring Criticks, on the approved Comedy, *The Antipodes.*

**I** Onson's alive ! the World admiring stands,  
And to declare his welcome there, shake hands ;  
Apollo's Pensioners may wipe their eyes,  
And stifle their abortive Elegies :  
Taylor his Goose-quill may abjure againe,  
And to make Paper deare, scribling refraine ;  
For sure there's cause of neither. Ionson's ghost  
Is not a Tenant i'the Elizian Coast :  
But vext with too much scorne, at your dispraise,  
Silently stole unto a grove of Bayes ;  
Therefore bewaile your errors, and entreat  
He will returne, unto the former seat,  
Whence he was often pleas'd, to feed your eare  
With the choice dainties of his Theatre ;  
But I much feare, he'll not be easily wonne  
To leave his Bower, where grieve, and he alone  
Do spend their time, to see how vainly wee  
Accept old toys, for a new Comedie.  
Therefore repaire to him, and praise each line  
Of his Vulpone, Sejanus, Cateline.  
But stay, and let me tell you, where he is,  
He sojournes in his Brome's Antipodes.

C. G.



## The Prologue.

**O**pinion, which our Author cannot court,  
(For the deare daintinesse of it) has, of late,  
From the old way of Playes possesst a Sert  
Only to run to those, that carry state  
In Scene magnificent and language high;  
And Cloathes worth all the rest, except the Action.  
And such are only good those Leaders cry;  
And into that beleefe draw on a Faction,  
That must despise all sportive, merry Wit,  
Because some such great Play had none in it.

But it is knowne (peate to their Memories)  
The Poets late sublimed from our Age,  
Who best could understand, and best devise  
Workes, that must ever live upon the Stage,  
Did well approve, and lead this humble way,  
Which we are bound to travaile in to night;  
And, though it be not trac'd so well, as They  
Discover'd it by true Phœbean light,  
Pardon our just Ambition, yet, that strive  
To keep the weakest Branch o'th' Stage alive.

I meane the weakest in their great esteeme,  
That count all slight, that's under us, or nigh;  
And only those for worthy Subjects deeme,  
Fetch'd, or reach'd at (at least) from farre, or high:  
When low and home-bred Subjects have their use,  
As well, as those, fetch'd from on high, or farre;  
And 'tis as hard a labour for the Muse  
To moove the Earth, as to dislodge a Starre.  
See, yet, those glorious Playes; and let their sight  
Your Admiration moove; these your Delight.



To the Author on his Comedy,  
*The Antipodes.*

**S**Teer'd, by the hand of Fate, o'er swelling Seas,  
Me thought I landed on th' Antipodes ;  
Where I was straight a Stranger : For tis thus,  
Their feet do tread against the tread of us.  
My Scull mistooke : thy Book, being in my hand,  
Hurried my Soule to th' Antipodian strand,  
Where I did feast my Fancy, and mine Eyes  
With such variety of Rarities,  
That I perceive thy Muse frequents some shade,  
Might be a Grove for a Pierian Maide.  
Let Ideots prate ; it boots not what they say.  
Th' Antipodes to Wit and Learning may  
Have ample Priv'ledge : For among that crew,  
I know there's not a man can judge of You.

R. C.

The



## The Persons in the Play.

Blaze, an Herault Painter.

Joylesse, an old Country Gentleman.

Hughball, a Doctor of Physicke.

Barbara, Wife to Blaze.

Martha, Wife to Perigrine.

Letoy, a Phantasticks Lord.

Quaylpipe, his Curate.

Perigrine, sonne to Joylesse.

Diana, wife to Joylesse.

By-play, a conceited servant to Letoy.

Trulocke, a close friend to Letoy.

Followers of the Lord Letoyes, who are Actors in the

By-play.

THE

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# The Antipodes.

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## Act 1. Scene 1.

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*Blaze, Ioylesse.*



O me, and to the City, Sir, you are welcome,  
And so are all about you: we have long  
Suffer'd in want of such faire Company.  
But now that Times calamity has given way  
(Thankes to high Providence) to your kinder visits,  
We are (like halfe pin'd wretches, that have lain  
Long on the planks of sorrow, strictly tyed  
To a forc'd abstinence, from the sight of friends)  
The sweetlier fild with joy.

*Ioy.* Alas, I bring  
Sorrow too much with me to fill one house,  
In the sad number of my family.

*Bla.* Be comforted good Sir, my house, which now  
You may be pleas'd to call your owne, is large  
Enough to hold you all; and for your sorrowes,

B

You

## *The Antipodes.*

You came to lose 'hem : And I hope the meanes  
Is readily at hand : The Doctor's comming,  
Who, as by Letters, I advertis'd you,  
Is the most promising man to cure your Sonne,  
The Kingdome yields ; it will astonish you  
To heare the mervailles he hath done in cures  
Of such distracted ones, as is your sonne,  
And not so much by bodily Physicke (no !  
He sends few *Recipes* to th' Apothecaries)  
As medicine of the minde, which he infuses  
So skilfully, yet by familiar wayes,  
That it begets both wonder and delight  
In his observers, while the stupid patient  
Finds health at unawares.

*Ioy.* You speak well of him :  
Yet I may feare, my sonnes long growne disease  
Is such he hath not met with.

*Bla.* Then ile tell you Sir,  
He cur'd a Country gentleman, that fell mad  
For spending of his land before he sold it :  
That is, 'twas sold to pay his debts : All went  
That way, for a dead horse, as one would say,  
He had not money left to buy his dinner,  
Upon that whole-sale day. This was a cause,  
Might make a gentleman mad you'll say; and him  
It did, as mad as land lesse Squire could bee.  
This Doctor by his art remov'd his madnesse,  
And mingled so much wit among his braines,  
That, by the over-flowing of it meerely,  
He gets and spends five hundred pound a yeare now,  
As merily as any Gentleman  
In *Darby-shire* ; I name no man. But this  
Was pretty well you'll say.

*Ioy.* My sonne's disease  
Growes not that way.

*Bla.* There was a Lady mad,  
I name no Lady : but starke mad she was,  
As any in the Country, City, or almost  
In Court could be.

*The Antipodes.*

*Ioy.* How fell she mad?

*Bla.* With study;

Tedious and painfull study: And for what  
Now can you thinke?

*Ioy.* For painting, or new fashions.

I cannot thinke for the Philosophers stone.

*Bla.* No, twas to finde a way to love her husband;  
Because she did not, and her friends rebuk'd her.

*Ioy.* Was that so hard to find, if she desir'd it.

*Bla.* She was seven years in search of it, & could not,  
Though she consum'd his whole estate by it.

*Ioy.* Twas he was mad then.

*Bla.* No; he was not borne  
With wit enough to loose, but mad was she  
Untill this Doctor tooke her into cure,  
And now she lies as lovingly on a flocke-bed  
With her owne Knight, as she had done on downe,  
With many others, but I name no parties,  
Yet this was well you'l say.

*Ioy.* Would all were well.

*Bla.* Then sir, of Officers, and men of place,  
Whose senses were so numm'd, they understood not  
Bribes from dew fees, and fell on premunires,  
He has cur'd diverse, that can now distinguish,  
And know both when, and how to take, of both;  
And grow most safely rich by't, tother day  
He set the braines of an Attorney right,  
That were quite topsie turvy overturn'd  
In a pitch ore the Barre; so that (poore man)  
For many Moones, he knew not whether he  
Went on his heeles or's head, till he was brought  
To this rare Doctor, now he walkets again,  
As upright in his calling, as the boldest  
Amongst 'hem. This was well you'l say.

*Ioy.* Tis much.

(bours,

*Bla.* And then for horne mad Citizens my neigh-  
He cures them by the dozens, and we live  
As gently with our wives, as Rammes with Ewes.

*Ioy.* We doe you say, were you one of his Patients.

*The Antipodes.*

*Bla.* 'Slid he has almost catch'd me ; No Sir no,  
I name no parties /, But with you merry ;  
I straine to make you so, and could tell forty  
Notable cures of his to passe the time  
Untill he comes.

*Ioy.* But pray, has he the art  
To cure a husbands lealouſie ?

*Bla.* Mine ſir he did : 'Sfoot I am catcht againe.

*Ioy.* But ſtill you name no Party, pray how long,  
Good maſter *Blaze*, has this ſo famous doctor  
Whom you ſo well ſet out, beene a profeſſor ?

*Bla.* Never in publike: Nor indures the name  
Of Doctor, though I call him ſo, but lives  
With an odde Lord in towne, that lookes like no Lord,  
My Doctor goes more like a Lord then he. *Ex. Doctor.*  
O welcome ſir, I ſent mine owne wife for you :  
Ha you brought her home againe?

*Act. 1. Scen. 2. Blaze, Doctor, Ioyleſſe.*

*Doct.* She's in your houſe,  
With Gentlewomen, who ſeeme to lodge here.

*Bla.* Yes ſir, this Gentlemans wife, and his ſonnes wife:  
They all ayle ſomething, but his ſonne (tis thought)  
Is falling into madneſſe, and is brought  
Up by his carefull father to the towne here  
To be your patient, ſpeake with him about it.

*Doct.* How doe you finde him Sir? do's his diſeaſe  
Take him by fits ; or is it constantly,  
And at all times the ſame?

*Ioy.* For the moſt part  
It is onely inclining ſtill to worſe,  
As he growes more in dayes ; by all the beſt  
Conjectures we have met with in the countrey,  
Tis found a moſt deepe melancholy.

*Doct.* Of what yeares is he ?

*Ioy.* Of five and twenty Sir.

*Doct.* Was it borne with him ? is it naturall,  
Or accidentall ? have you or his mother  
Beene ſo at any time affected ?

*Ioy.* Never,

*The Antipodes.*

Not thee unto her grave ; nor I, till then,  
Knew what a sadnesse meant; though since, I have  
In my sonnes sad condition, and some crosses  
In my late marriage, which at further time  
I may acquaint you with.

*Bla.* the old man's jealous  
Of his young wife ; I finde him by the question  
He put me to ere while.

*Doct.* Is your sonne married ?

*Ioy.* Diverse yeares since; for we had hope a wife  
Might have restrain'd his travelling thoughts, and so  
Have beene a meanes to cure him ; but it fail'd us.

*Doct.* What has he in his younger yeares been most  
Addicted to ? what study ? or what practise ?

*Ioy.* You have now, Sir, found the question, which I thinke  
Will lead you to the ground of his distemper.

*Doct.* That's the next way to the cure. Come quickly, quickly.

*Ioy.* In tender yeares he alwayes lov'd to read  
Reports of travailes, and of voyages ;  
And when young boyes, like him, would tire themselves  
With sports, and pastimes, and restore their spirits  
Againe by meate and sleepe ; he would whole dayes  
And nights (sometimes by stealth) be on such bookes  
As might convey his fancy round the world.

*Doct.* Very good, on.

*Ioy.* When he grew up towards twenty,  
His minde was all on fire to be abroad ;  
Nothing but travaile still was all his aime ;  
There was no voyage or forraine expedition  
Be said to be in hand, but he made sure  
To be made one in it His mother and  
My selfe oppos'd him still in all, and strongly  
Against his will, still held him in ; and wonne  
Him into marriage ; hoping that would call  
In his extravagant thoughts, but all prevail'd not,  
Nor stayd him (though at home) from travailing  
So farre beyond himselfe, that now too late,  
I wish he had gone abroad to meet his fate.

*Doct.* Well sir, upon good termes Ile undertake

*The Antipodes.*

Your sonne : let's see him.

*Joy.* Yet there's more : his wife Sir.

*Doct.* Ile undertake her too. Is she mad too ?

*Bla.* They'll ha' mad children then.

*Doct.* Hold you your peace.

*Joy.* Alas the danger is they will have none.

He takes no joy in her ; and she no comfort

In him : for though they have bin three yeeres wed,

They are yet ignorant of the marriage bed.

*Doct.* I shall finde her the madder of the two then.

*Joy.* Indeed she's full of passion, which she utters

By the effects, as diversly, as severall

Objects reflect upon her wandring fancy,

Sometimes in extream weepings, and anon

In vehement laughter ; now in sullen silence,

And presently in loudest exclamations.

*Doct.* Come let me see 'hem Sir, ile undertake  
Her too : ha' you any more ? how does your wife ?

*Joy.* Some other time for her.

*Doct.* Ile undertake

Her too : and you your selfe Sir (by your favour,

And some few yellow spots, which I perceive

About your Temples ) may require some Councell.

*Act 1. Scene 3. Enter Barbara.*

*Bla.* So, he has found him.

*Joy.* But my sonne, my sonne sir ?

*Bla.* Now *Bab*, what newes ?

*Bar.* There's newes too much within,  
For any home-bred Christian understanding.

*Joy.* How does my sonne ?

*Bar.* He is in travaile Sir.

*Joy.* His sits upon him ?

*Bar.* Yes, pray Doctor *Hughball*  
Play the Man-midwife, and deliver him  
Of his huge Timpany of newes ; of Monsters,  
Pigmies, and Gyants, Apes, and Elephants,  
Griffons, and Crocadiles ; men upon women,  
And women upon men ; the strangest doings  
As farre beyond all Christendome, as tis to't.

*Doct.*

*The Antipodes.*

*Dost.* How, how?

*Bar.* Beyond the Moone and Starres I think,  
Or mount in *Cornwall* either.

*Bla.* How prettily like a foole she talkes?  
And she were not mine owne wife, I could be  
So taken with her.

*Dost.* 'Tis most wondrous strange.

*Bar.* He talks much of the Kingdome of *Cathaya*,  
Of one great *Caan*, and goodman *Prester John*,  
(What e're they be) and sayes that *Caan's* a Clowne  
Vnto the *Iohn* he speaks of. And that *Iohn*  
Dwels up almost at *Paradice*: But sure his mind  
Is in a wilder nesse: For there he sayes  
Are Geese that have two heads a peece, and Hens  
That beare more wooll upon their backs than sheep.

*Dost.* O *Mandevile*, lets to him. Lead the way fir.

*Bar.* And men with heads like hounds.

*Dost.* Enough, enough.

*Bar.* You'll finde enough within I warrant yee. *Ex. 3.*  
And here comes the poore mad gentlemans wife, *Ent. Mar.*  
Almost as mad as he: she haunts me all  
About the house to impart something to me:  
Poore heart I gesse her grife, and pitty her.

To keepe a Maiden-head three yeares after Marriage,  
Vnder wed-locke and key, insufferable! monstrous,  
It turnes into a wolfe within the flesh,  
Not to be fed with Chickens, and tame Pigeons.  
I could wish maids be warn'd by't, not to marry  
Before they have wit to lose their Maiden-heads,  
For feare they match with men whose wits are past it.  
What a sad looke, and what a sigh was there?  
Sweet Mistris *Foylesse*, how is't with you now?

*Mar.* When J shall know Jle tell, pray tell me first,  
How long have you beene married?

*Bar.* Now she is on it. Three yeares forsooth.

*Mar.* And truly so have J, we shall agree Jsee.

*Bar.* If you'll be merry.

*Mar.* . No woman merrier, now J have met with one  
Of my condition. Three yeares married say you, ha, ha, ha,

*Bar.*

*The Antipodes.*

*Bar.* What ayles she trow ?

*Mar.* Three yeares married, Ha, ha, ha.

*Bar.* Is that a laughing matter?

*Mar.* Tis just my story. And you have had no child,  
That's still my story, Ha, ha, ha.

*Bar.* Nay I have had two children.

*Mar.* Are you sure on't,  
Or does your husband onely tell you so,  
Take heed o'that, for husbands are deceitfull.

*Bar.* But I am o'the surer side, I am sure  
I groan'd for mine and bore 'hem, when at best,  
He but beleeves he got 'hem.

*Mar.* Yet both he

And you may be deceiv'd, for now Ile tell you,  
My husband told me, fac'd me downe and stood on't,  
We had three sonnes, and all great travellers,  
That one had shooke the great Turke by the beard,  
I never saw 'hem, nor am I such a foole  
To thinke that children can be got and borne,  
Train'd up to men, and then sent out to travell,  
And the poore mother never know nor feele  
Any such matter ; there's a dreame indeede.

*Bar.* Now you speake reason, and tis nothing but  
Your husbands madnesse that would put that dreame  
Into you.

*Mar.* He may put dreames into me, but  
He nere put child nor any thing towards it yet  
To me to making: something sure belongs  
To such a worke; for I am past a child  
My selfe to thinke they are found in parsley beds,  
Strawberry banks, or Rosemary bushes, though  
I must confesse I have sought and search'd such places,  
Because I would faine have had one.

*Bar.* Lasse poore foole.

*Mar.* Pray tell me, for I thinke no body heares us,  
How came you by your babes ? I cannot thinke  
Your husband got them you.

*Bar.* Foole did I say ?  
She is a witch I thinke: why not my husband,

*weepe.*

*Pray*

*The Antipodes.*

Pray can you charge me with another man?

*Mar.* Nor with him neither, be not angry pray now.  
For were I now to dye, I cannot guesse  
What a man do's in child-getting, I remember  
A wanton mayd once lay with me, and kiss'd  
And clip't, and clapt me strangely, and then wish'd  
That I had beene a man to have got her with childe:  
What must I then ha' done, or (good now tell me)  
What has your husband done to you?

*Bar.* Was ever  
Such a poore peece of innocence, three yeeres married?  
Does not your husband use to lye with you?

*Mar.* Yes he do's use to lye with me, but he do's not  
Lye with me to use me as she should I feare,  
Nor doe I know to teach him, will you tell me,  
Ile lye with you and practise if you please.  
Pray take me for a night or two :or take  
My husband and instruct him, But one night,  
Our countrey folkes will say, you London wives  
Doe not lye every night with your owne husbands.

*Bar.* Your countrey folkes should have done well to ha' sent  
Some newes by you, but I trust none told you there,  
We use to leave our fooles to lye with mad-men.

*Mar.* Nay now againe y'are angry.

*Bar.* No not I  
But rather pittty your simplicity.  
Come Ile take charge and care of you.

*Mar.* I thanke you.

*Bar.* And wage my skill, against my doctors art,  
Sooner to ease you of these dangerous fits,  
Then he shall rectifie your husbands wits. *Ex.*

*Mar.* Indeed, indeed, I thanke you.

*Act. 1. Scene. 5. Letoy, Blaze.*

*Let.* Why broughtst thou not mine Armes, and Pedegree  
Home with thee *Blaze*, mine honest Heralds, Painter?

*Bla.* I have not yet my Lord, but all's in readinesse,  
According to the Heralds full directions.

*Let.* But has he gone to the root, has he deriv'd me,  
*Ex origine, ab antiquo?* has he fetch'd me

## *The Antipodes.*

Farre enough *Blaze*?

*Bla.* Full foure descents beyond  
The conquest my good Lord, and findes that one  
Of your French ancestry came in with the conqueror.

*Let.* *Iefrey Letoy*, twas he, from whom the English  
*Letoy's* have our descent; and here have tooke  
Such footing, that we'll never out while France  
Is France, and England England,  
And the Sea passable to transport a fashion.  
My ancestors and I have beene beginners  
Of all new fashions in the Court of England  
From before *Primo Ricardi Secundi*  
Untill this day.

*Bla.* I cannot thinke my Lord  
They'll follow you in this though.

*Let.* Marke the end,

I am without a precedent for my humour.  
But is it spread, and talk'd of in the towne?

*Bla.* It is my Lord, and laught at by a many.  
*Let.* I am more beholding to them, then all the rest:  
Their laughter makes me merry; others mirth,  
And not mine owne it is, that feeds me that  
Battens me as poore mens cost do's Usurers.  
But tell me *Blaze*, what say they of me, ha?

*Bla.* They say my Lord you looke more like a pedlar,  
Then like a Lord, and live more like an Emperor.

*Let.* Why there they ha' me right, let others shine  
Abroad in cloth o' bodkin, my broad cloath,  
Pleases mine eye as well, my body better,  
Besides I'm sure tis paid for (to their envy)  
I buy with ready money; and at home here  
With as good meat, as much magnificence,  
As costly pleasures, and as rare delights,  
Can satisfie my appetite and senses,  
As they with all their publique shewes, and braveries.  
They runne at ring, and tilt 'gainst one another,  
I and my men can play a match at football,  
Wrastle a handsome fall, and pitch the barre,  
And crack the cudgells, and a pate sometimes,

Twould

*The Antipodes.*

Twould doe you good to see't.

*Bla.* More then to feel't.

*Let.* They hunt the Deere, the Hare, the Fox, the Otter,  
Polcates, or Harlots, what they please, whilst I  
And my mad Grigs, my men can runne at base,  
And breath our selves at Barly-breake, and dancing.

*Bla.* Yes my Lord i'th countrey when you are there.

*Let.* And now I am here i'th city, Sir, I hope  
I please my selfe with more choyse home delights,  
Then most men of my ranke.

*Bla.* I know my Lord  
Your house in substance is an Amphitheater  
Of exercise and pleasure.

*Let.* Sir, I have  
For exercises, Fencing, Dancing, Vaulting,  
And for delight, Musique of all best kindes :  
Stage-plays, and Masques, are nightly my pastimes,  
And all within my selfe. My owne men are  
My Musique, and my Actors. I keepe not  
A man or boy but is of quality :  
The worst can sing or play his part o'th' Violls,  
And act his part too in a Comedy,  
For which I lay my bravery on their backs;  
And where another Lord undoes his followers,  
I maintaine mine like Lords. And there's my bravery.

*Hoboyes.* A service as for dinner, passe over the Stage, borne by  
many Servitors richly apparreld, doing honor to Letoy as they  
passe. *Ex.*

Now tell me *Blaze*, lookethese like Pedlers men?

*Bla.* Rather an Emperors my Lord.

*Let.* I tell thee,  
These lads can act the Emperors lives all over,  
And Shakespeares Chronicled histories, to boot,  
And were that *Cesar*, or that English Earle,  
That lov'd a Play and Player so well now living,  
I would not be out-vyed in my delights.

*Bla.* My Lord tis well.

*Let.* I love the quality of Playing I, I love a Play withall  
My heart, a good one ; and a Player that is

*The Antipodes.*

A good one too, with all my heart : As for the Poets,  
No men love them, I thinke, and therefore  
I write all my playes my selfe, and make no doubt  
Some of the Court will follow

Me in that too. Let my fine Lords  
Talke o' their Horse-tricks, and their Jockies, that  
Can out-talke them. Let the Gallants boast  
Their May-games, Play-games, and their Mistresses,  
I love a Play in my plaine cloaths, I,  
And laugh upon the Actors in their brave ones.

*Ent. Quailp.*

*Re.* My Lord, your dinner stayes prepar'd.

*Let.* Well, well,

Be you as ready with your grace as I  
Am for my meate, and all is well. *Blaze* we have rambled  
From the maine poynt this while, it seems by his letter,  
My Doctor's busie at thy house. I know who's there,  
Beside, give him this Ring, Tell him it wants  
A finger : farewell good *Blaze*.

*Ex. Quail.*

*Bla.* Tell him it wants a finger ! My small wit,  
Already finds what finger it must fit.

*Act. 1. Scene 6. Enter Doctor, Peregrine, a Booke in  
his hand, Ioylesse, Diana*

*Doct.* Sir I applaud your noble disposition,  
And even adore the spirit of Travaile in you,  
And purpose to waite on it through the world,  
In which I shall but tread againe the steps  
I heretofore have gone.

*Per.* All the world o're ha' you bin already?

*Doct.* Over and under too.

*Per.* In the *Antipodes*?

*Doct.* Yes, through, and through :  
No Isle nor Angle in that Neather world,  
But I have made discovery of : Pray sir sit ;  
And sir be you attentive, I will warrant  
His speedy cure without the helpe of *Gallen*,  
*Hippocrates*, *Avicen*, or *Dioscorides*.

*Dia.* A rare man : Husband, truely I like his person  
As well as his rare skill.

*Joy.* Into your chambers.

*The Antipodes.*

I doe not like your liking of mens persons.

*Doct.* Nay Lady you may stay : Heare and admire;  
If you so please : But make no interruptions.

*Joy.* And let no looser words, or wandring looke  
Bewray an intimation of the slight  
Regard you beare your husband, lest I send you  
Upon a further pilgrimage, than he  
Feignes to convay my sonne.

*Dia.* O jealousie !

*Doct.* Doe you thinke sir, to th' *Antipodes* such a journey?

*Per.* I thinke there's none beyond it ; and that *Mandevile*  
Whose excellent worke this is, was th' onely man  
That e're came neare it.

*Doct.* *Mandevile* went farre.

*Per.* Beyond all English legges that I can read of.

*Doct.* What thinke you sir of *Drake*, our famous Countreman?

*Per.* *Drake* was a Dy'dapper to *Mandevile*,  
*Candish*, and *Hawkins*, *Furbisher*, all our voyagers  
Went short of *Mandevile* : But had he reach'd  
To this place here — yes here — this wildernesse,  
And seene the trees of the Sunne and Moone, that speake,  
And told King *Alexander* of his death, he then  
Had left a passage ope for Travailers :  
That now is kept and guarded by wild beasts,  
Dragons, and Serpents, Elephants white and blue  
Vnicornes, and Lyons of many colours,  
And monsters more, as numberlesse, as namelesse.

*Doct.* Stay there,

*Per.* Read here else : can you read ?  
Is it not true ?

*Doct.* No truer than I ha' seen't.

*Dia.* Ha' you bin there Sir, ha' you seene those trees ?

*Doct.* And talk'd with 'hem, and tasted of their fruit.

*Per.* Read here againe then : it is written here,  
That you may live foure or five hundred yeere.

*Dia.* Brought you none of that fruit home with you sir ?

*Joy.* You would have some of't would you, to have hope  
T'out-live your husband by't.

*Dia.* Y'd ha't for you,

*The Antipodes.*

In hope you might out-live your jealousie.

*Doct.* Your patience both I pray ; I know the griefe  
You both doe labour with, and how to cure it.

*7y.* Would I had given you halfe my land 'twere done.

*Dia.* Would I had given him halfe my love, to settle  
The tother halfe free from incumbrances  
Upon my husband.

*Doct.* Doe not thinke it strange sir:  
Ile make your eyes witnesses of more  
Than J relate, if you'll but travaile with me.  
You heare me not deny that all is true  
That *Mandevile* delivers of his Travailes,  
Yet J my selfe may be as well beleev'd.

*Per.* Since you speake reverently of him, say on.

*Doct.* Of *Europe* ile not speak, tis too neare home :  
Who's not familiar with the Spanish garbe,  
Th' Italian shrug, French cringe, and German hugge ?  
Nor will J trouble you with my observations  
Fetcht from *Arabia*, *Paphlagonia*,  
*Mesopotamia*, *Mauritania*,  
*Syria*, *Thessalia*, *Persia*, *India*,  
All still is too neare home : though I have touch'd  
The Clouds upon the *Pjrenean* mountaines,  
And bin on *Paphos* isle, where I have kist  
The image of bright *Venus* : All is still  
Too neare home to be boasted.

*Dia.* That I like well in him too, he will not boast of kissing  
A woman too neare home.

*Doct.* These things in me are poore : they sound  
In a farre travellers care,  
Like the reports of those, that beggingly  
Have put out, on returnes from *Edenburgh*,  
*Paris*, or *Venice*, or perhaps *Madrid*,  
Whither a *Millaner* may with halfe a nose  
Smell out his way : And is not neare so difficult,  
As for some man in debt, and unprotected  
To walke from Charing-crosse to th' old Exchange,  
No. J will pitch no nearer than th' *Antipodes* ;  
That which is farthest distant, foot to foote

## The *Antipodes*.

Against our Region.

*Dia.* What with their heeles upwards ?  
Blesse us ! how scape they breaking o' their necks ?

*Dost.* they walke upon firme earth, as we doe here,  
And have the Firmament over their heads,  
As we have here.

*Dia.* And yet just under us !  
Where is hell then ? if they whose feet are towards us,  
At the lower part of the world have heaven too.  
Beyond their heads, where's hell ?

*Ioy.* You may finde that  
Without inquiry : Cease your idle questions.

*Dia.* Sure Hell's above ground then in jealous husbands.

*Per.* What people sir ( I pray proceed ) what people  
Are they of the *Antipodes* ? are they not such  
As *Mandevile* writes of, without heads or necks,  
Having their eyes plac'd on their shoulders, and  
Their mouths amidst their breasts ?

*Dia.* J so indeed,  
Though heeles goe upwards, and their feet should slip,  
They have no necks to breake.

*Dost.* Silence sweete Lady.  
Pray give the gentleman leave to understand me.  
The people through the whole world of *Antipodes*,  
In outward feature, language, and religion,  
Resemble those to whom they are supposite:  
They under *Spaine* appeare like *Spaniards*,  
Vnder *France* *French-men*, under *England* *English*  
To the exterior shew : but in their manners,  
Their carriage, and condition of life  
Extreamly contrary. To come close to you,  
What part o' th' world's *Antipodes* shall J now  
Decipher to you, or would you travaile to ?

*Per.* The furthest off.

*Dost.* That is th' *Antipodes* of England.  
The people there are contrary to us.  
As thus ; here (heaven be prais'd) the Magistrates  
Governe the people : there the people rule  
The Magistrates.

*The Antipodes.*

*Dia.* There's pretious bribing then.

*Ioy.* You'll hold your peace,

*Doct.* Nay Lady tis by Nature,

Here generally men governe the women.

*Ioy.* I would they could else.

*Dia.* You will hold your peace.

*Doct.* But there the women over-rule the men,  
If some men faile here in their power, some women  
Slip their holds there. As parents here, and masters,  
Command, there they obey the childe and servant.

*Dia.* But pray Sir, is't by nature or by art,  
That wives oresway their husbands there?

*Doct.* By nature.

*Dia.* Then art's above nature, as they are under us.

*Doct.* In brieft Sir, all  
Degrees of people both in sex, and quality,  
Deport themselves in life and conversation,  
Quite contrary to us.

*Dia.* Why then the women  
Doe get the men with child : and put the poore fooles  
To grievous paine I warrant you in bearing.

*Ioy.* Into your Chamber, get you in I charge you.

*Doct.* By no meanes, as you tender your sonnes good.  
No Lady no ; that were to make men women,  
And women men. But there the maids doe woe  
The Batchelors, and tis most probable,  
The wives lye uppermost.

*Dia.* That is a trim  
Upside-downe Antipodian tricke indeed.

*Doct.* And then at christenings and gossips feasts,  
A woman is not scene, the men doe all  
The tittle-tattle duties, while the women  
Hunt, Hawke, and take their pleasure.

*Per.* Ha' they good game I pray Sir?

*Doct.* Excellent,  
But by the contraries to ours, for where  
We Hawke at Pheasant, Partrich, Mallard, Heron,  
With Goshawke, Tarsell, Falcon, Laneret ;  
Our Hawks, become their game, our game their Hawks,

And

## *The Antipodes.*

And so the like in hunting. There the Deere  
Pursue the Hounds, and (which you may thinke strange)  
I ha' seene one Sheepe worry a dozen Foxes,  
By Moone-shine, in a morning before day,  
They hunt, trayne-sents with Oxen, and plow with Dogges.

*Per.* Hugh, hugh, hugh.

*Dia.* Are not their Swannes all blacke, and Ravens white?

*Doct.* Yes indeed are they; and their Parrets teach  
Their Mistresses to talke.

*Dia.* That's very strange.

*Doct.* They keepe their Cats in cages,  
From Mice that would devoure them else; and birds  
Teach 'hem to whistle, and cry beware the Rats Pusle.  
But these are frivolous nothings. I have knowne  
Great Ladies ride great horses run at tilt;  
At Ring, Races, and hunting matches, while  
Their Lords at home have painted, pawned their Plate  
And Jewels to feast their honourable servants,  
And there the Merchants wives doe deale abroad  
Beyond seas, while their husbands cuckold them  
At home.

*Dia.* Then there are cuckolds too it seemes,  
As well as here.

*Ioy.* Then you conclude here are.

*Dia.* By hearesay Sir. I am not wise enough  
To speake it on my knowledge yet.

*Ioy.* Not yet!

*Doct.* Patience good Sir,

*Per.* Hugh, hugh, hugh.

*Doct.* What do you laugh, that there is cuckold-making  
In the *Antipodes*, I tell you Sir,  
It is not so abhorr'd here as tis held  
In reputation there: all your old men  
Doe mary girles, and old women boyes,  
As generation were to be maintain'd  
Onely by cuckold making.

*Ioy.* Monstrous.

*Doct.* Pray your Patience.

There's no such honest men there in their world,

## The *Antipodes*.

As are their Lawyers: they give away  
Their practise, and t'enable 'hem to doe so,  
Being all handy-crafts, or Labouring men,  
They work (poore hearts full hard) in the vacations,  
To give their law for nothing in the terme times.  
No fees are taken: Which makes their divines,  
Being generally covetous, the greatest wranglers  
In Law suites of a kingdome, you have not there  
A gentleman in debt, though citizens  
Haunt them with cap in hand to take their wares,  
On credit.

*Dia.* What fine sport wou'd that be here now !

*Doct.* All wit and mirth and good society  
Is there among the hirelings, clownes, and tradesmen,  
And all their Poets are Puritanes.

*Dia.* Ha' they Poets.

*Doct.* And players too. But they are all the sobrest  
Precisest people pickt out of a nation.

*Dia.* I never saw a play.

*Doct.* Lady you shall.

*Ioy.* She shall not.

*Doct.* She must if you can hope for any cure,  
Be govern'd Sir: your jealousie will grow  
A worse disease then your sonnes madnesse else,  
You are content I take the course I told you of  
To cure the gentleman.

*Ioy.* I must be Sir.

*Doct.* Say Master *Perigrine*, will you travaile now  
With mee to the *Antipodes*, or has not  
The journey wearied you in the description.

*Per.* No I could heare you a whole fortnight, but  
Let's loose no time, pray talke on as we passe.

*A Bowle  
on the table.*

*Doct.* First, Sir a health to auspicate our travailes,  
And wee'll away.

*Per.* Gi' mee't. What's he? One sent *Act. 1. Scene. 7. Ent. Bla.*  
I feare from my dead mother, to make stop  
Of our intended voyage.

*Doct.* No Sir: drink.

*Bla.* My Lord, Sir, understands the course y' are in,

*The Antipodes.*

By your letters he tells mee ; and bad me gi' you  
This Ring, which wants a finger here he sayes.

*Per.* Wee'll not be stayd.

*Doct.* No Sir, he brings me word  
The Marriner calls away ; the winde and tyde  
Are faire, and they are ready to weigh anchor,  
Hoyst sayles, and onely stay for us, pray drinke Sir.

*Per.* A health then to the willing winds and seas,  
And all that steere towards th' *Antipodes*.

*Ioy.* He has not drunke so deepe a draught this twelvemonth.

*Doct.* Tis a deepe draught indeed, and now tis downe,  
And carries him downe to the *Antipodes*?  
I meane but in a dreame.

*Ioy.* Alasse I feare.

See he beginnes to sink.

*Doct.* Trust to my sk ll,  
Pray take an arme, and see him in his cabbin.  
Good Lady save my Ring that's fallen there.

*Dia.* In sooth a mervailous neate and costly one !

*Bla.* So, so, the Ring has found a finger.

*Doct.* Come sir, aboard, aboard, aboard, aboard.

*Bla.* To bed, to bed, to bed : I know your voyage,  
And my deare Lords deare plot, I understand,  
Whose Ring hath past here by your flight of hand.

Act 2. Scene 1.

*Letoy, Doctor.*

**T**O night saiest thou my *Hugbball*?

*Doct.* By all meanes,  
And if your Play takes to my expectation,  
As I not doubt my potion workes to yours,  
Your fancy and my cure shall be cry'd up  
Miraculous. O y'are the Lord of fancy.

*Let.* I'm not ambitious of that title Sir,  
No, the *Letoy's* are of Antiquity,  
Ages before the fancies were begot,

20  
*The Antipodes.*

And shall beget still new to the worlds end.  
But are you confident o' your potion doctor?  
Sleeps the young man?

*Doct.* Yes, and has slept these twelvec houres,  
After a thousand mile an houre out-right,  
By sea and land; and shall awake anone  
In the *Antipodes*.

*Let.* Well Sir my Actors  
Are all in readinesse; and I thinke all perfect,  
But one, that never will be perfect in a thing  
He studies; yet he makes such shifts extempore,  
(Knowing the purpose what he is to speak to)  
That he moves mirth in me 'bove all the rest.  
For I am none of those Poeticke furies,  
That threatens the Actors life, in a whole play,  
That addes a sillable, or takes away.  
If he can frible through, and move delight  
In others, I am pleas'd.

*Doct.* It is that mimick fellow which your Lordship  
But lately entertain'd.

*Let.* The same.

*Doct.* He will be wondrous apt in my affaire:  
For I must take occasion to interchange,  
Discourse with him sometimes amidst their Scenes,  
T'informe my patient, my mad young traveller  
In diverse matters.

*Let.* Doc, put him to't: I use't my selfe sometimes.

*Doct.* I know it is your way.

*Let.* Well to the businesse,  
Hast wrought the jealous Gentleman, old *Joyleffe*,  
To suffer his wife to see our Comedy:

*Doct.* She brings your Ring, my Lord, upon her finger,  
And he brings her in's hand. I have instructed her  
To spurre his jealousy of o'the legges.

*Let.* And I will helpe her in't.

*Doct.* the young distracted  
Gentlewoman too, that's sicke of her virginity,  
Yet knowes not what it is; and *Blaze* and's wife  
Shall all be your guests to night, and not alone

Spectators,

Spectators, but (as we will carry it) Act or  
To fill your Comicke Scenes with double mirth.

*Let.* Go fetch 'hem then, while I prepare my Actors. *Ex. Doc.*  
Within there hoe?

*Within.* { *1* This is my beard and haire.  
          { *2* My Lord appointed it for my part.  
          { *3* No, this is for you; and this is yours, this grey one.  
          { *4* Where be the foyles, and Targets for the women?  
          { *1* Here, can't you see?

*Let.* What a rude coyle is there? But yet it pleases me.

*Within.* { *1* You must not weare that Cloak and Hat.  
          { *2* Who told you so? I must.

In my first Scene, and you must weare that robe.

*Let.* What a noyse make those knaves? come in one of you:  
Are you the first that answers to that name?

*Act 2. Scene 2. Enter Quaille-pipe, 3 Actors, and Byplay.*

*Qua.* My Lord. *Let.* Why are not you ready yet?

*Qua.* I am not to put on my shape, before  
I have spoke the Prologue. And for that my Lord  
I yet want something.

*Let.* What I pray with your grave formality?

*Qua.* I want my Beaver-shoes, and Leather-Cap,  
To speake the Prologue in; which were appoynted  
By your Lordships owne direction.

*Let.* Well sir, well:  
There they be for you; I must looke to all.

*Qua.* Certes my Lord, it is a most apt conceit:  
The Comedy being the world turn'd upside-downe,  
That the presenter weare the Capitall Beaver  
Upon his feet, and on his head shooe-leather.

*Let.* Trouble not you your head with my conceits,  
But minde your part. Let me not see you act now,  
In your Scholasticke way, you brought to towne wi' yee,  
With see faw sacke a downe, like a Sawyer;  
Nor in a Comicke Scene, play *Hercules furens*,  
Tearing your throat to split the Audients eares.  
And you Sir, you had got a trick of late,  
Of holding out your bum in a set speech;  
Your fingers fibulating on your breast,

As if your Buttons, or your Band-strings were  
Helpes to your memory. Let me see you in't  
No more I charge you. No, nor you sir, in  
That over-action of the legges I told you of,  
Your singles, and your doubles, Looke you — thus —  
Like one o' th' dancing Masters o' the Beare-garden;  
And when you have spoke, at end of every speech,  
Not minding the reply, you turne you round  
As Tumblers doe; when betwixt every feat  
They gather wind, by firking up their breeches.  
Ile none of these absurdities in my house.  
But words and action married so together,  
That shall strike harmony in the eares and eyes  
Of the severest, if judicious Criticks.

*Qua.* My Lord we are corrected. *Let.* Goe, be ready :  
But you Sir are incorrigible, and  
Take licence to your selfe, to adde unto  
Your parts, your owne free fancy; and sometimes  
To alter, or diminish what the writer  
With care and skill compos'd : and when you are  
To speake to your coactors in the Scene,  
You hold interloquutions with the Audients,

*Bip.* That is a way my Lord has bin allow'd  
On elder stages to move mirth and laughter.

*Let.* Yes in the dayes of *Tarlton* and *Kempe*,  
Before the stage was purg'd from barbarisme,  
And brought to the perfection it now shines with.

Then fooles and jesters spent their wits, because  
The Poets were wise enough to save their owne  
For profitabler uses. Let that passe.

To night, ile give thee leave to try thy wit,  
In answering my Doctor, and his Patient  
He brings along with him to our *Antipodes*.

*Br.* I heard of him my Lord : *Blaze* gave me light  
Of the mad Patient; and that he never saw  
A Play in's life : it will be possible  
For him to thinke he is in the *Antipodes*  
Indeed,, when he is on the Stage among us.  
When't has beene thought by some that have their wits,

That

*The Antipodes.*

That all the Players i' th' Towne were sunke past rising.

*Let.* Leave that sir to th' event. See all be ready:  
Your Musicke properties, and —————

*By.* All my Lord,  
Onely we want a person for a Mute.

*Let.* *Blaze* when he comes shall serve. Go in. *Ex. Byp.*  
My Guests J heare are comming.

*Act 2. Scene 3. Enter Blaze, Ioylesse, Diana, Martha, Barb.*

*Blz.* My Lord, J am become your honours usher,  
To these your guests. The worthy Mr. *Ioylesse*,  
With his faire wife, and daughter in law.

*Let.* They're welcome,  
And you in the first place sweet Mistris *Ioylesse*.  
You weare my ring J see; you grace me in it.

*Ioy.* His Ring! what Ring? how came she by't?

*Blaz.* Twill worke.

*Let.* J sent it as a pledge of my affection to you:  
For J before have seene you, and doe languish,  
Untill J shall enjoy your love.

*Ioy.* He courts her.

*Let.* Next Lady—you—J have a toy for you too.

*Mar.* My Child shall thanke you for it, when I have one.  
I take no joy in toyes since I was married.

*Let.* Prettily answer'd! I make you no stranger to  
Kind Mistris *Blaze*.

*Bar.* Time was your honour us'd  
Me strangely too, as you'll doe these. I doubt not.

*Let.* Honest *Blaze*,  
Prethee goe in, there is an Actor wanting.

*Bla.* Is there a part for me? how shall I study't?

*Let.* Thou shalt say nothing.

*Bla.* Then if I doe not act  
Nothing as well as the best of 'hem, let me be hist. *Exit.*

*Ioy.* I say restore the Ring, and backe with me.

*Dia.* To whom shall I restore it?

*Ioy.* To the Lord that sent it.

*Dia.* Is he a Lord? I alwayes thought and heard  
Ith' Country, Lords were gallant Creatures. He  
Looks like a thing not worth it; tis not his,

*The Antipodes.*

The Doctor gave it me, and I will keepe it.

*Let.* I use small verball courtesie Mr. *Ioylesse*  
(You see) but what I can in deed ile doe.

You know the purpose of your comming, and  
I can but give you welcome. If your sonne  
Shall receive ease in't, be the comfort yours,  
The credit of't my Doctors. You are sad.

*Ioy.* My Lord I would entreat we may returne;  
I feare my wife's not well.

*Let.* Returne ! pray slight not so my courtesie.

*Dia.* Besides sir I am well ; and have a minde  
(A thankfull one) to taste my Lords free bounty.  
I never saw a play, and would be loath  
To lose my longing now.

*Ioy.* The aire of *London*  
Hath tainted her obedience already :  
And should the Play but touch the vices of it,  
She'd learne and practise 'hem. Let me beseech  
Your Lordships reacceptance of the un-  
Merited favour that she weares here, and  
Your leave for our departure.

*Let.* I will not  
Be so dishonoured ; nor become so ill  
A master of my house, to let a Lady  
Leave it against her will ; and from her longing ;  
I will be plaine wi' yee therefore : If your haste  
Must needs post you away, you may depart,  
She shall not not till the morning for mine honour.

*Ioy.* Indeed tis a high poynt of honour in  
A Lord to keepe a private Gentlemans wife  
From him.

*Dia.* I love this plaine Lord better than  
All the brave gallant ones, that ere I dream't on.

*Let.* Tis time we take our seats. So if you'll stay.  
Come sit with us, if not, you know your way.

*Ioy.* Here are we fallen through the Doctors fingers.  
Into the Lords hands. Fate deliver us.

*Ex. omnes.*

*The Antipodes.*

*Act. 2. Scene 4. Enter in sea-gownes and Caps, Doctor, and Perigrine brought in a chaire by 2 Sailers: Cloaks and Hats brought in.*

*Doct.* Now the last minute of his sleeping fit  
Determines. Raise him on his feete. So, so:  
Rest him upon mine Arme. Remove that Chaire,  
Welcome a shore Sir in th' *Antipodes*.

*Per.* Are we arriv'd so farre?

*Doct.* And on firme land.

Sailers you may returne now to your ship.

*Ex. Sail.*

*Per.* What worlds of lands and Seas have I past over,  
Neglecting to set downe my observations,  
A thousand thousand things remarkable  
Have slipt my memory, as if all had beene  
Meere shadowy phantasmes, or Phantasticke dreames.

*Doct.* We'll write as we returne Sir: and tis true,  
You slept most part o' th' journey hitherward,  
The aire was so somniferous: And twas well  
You scap'd the Calenture by't.

*Per.* But how long doe you thinke I slept?

*Doct.* Eight moneths, and some odde dayes,  
Which was but as so many houres and minutes  
Of ones owne naturall Country sleepe.

*Per.* Eight Moneths —————

*Doct.* Twas nothing for so young a Braine.  
How thinke you one of the seven Christian Champions,  
*David* by name, slept seven yeares in a Leek-bed.

*Per.* I thinke I have read it in their famous History.

*Doct.* But what chiefe thing of note now in our Travells  
Can you call presently to mind? Speake like a Traveller.

*Per.* I doe remember, as we past the Verge  
O' th' upper world, comming downe, down-hill,  
The setting Sunne then bidding them good night,  
Came gliding easily downe by us; and stricke  
New day before us, lighting us our way;  
But with such heate, that till he was got farre  
Before us, we even melted.

*Doct.* Well wrought potion. Very well observ'd sir.  
But now we are come into a temperate clime

*The Antipodes.*

Of equall composition of elements  
With that of *London*; and as well agreeable  
Unto our nature, as you have found that aire.

*Per.* I never was at *London*.

*Doct.* Cry you mercy.

This Sir is *Anti London*. That's the' Antipodes  
To the grand City of our Nation,  
Iust the same people, language, and Religion,  
But contrary in Manners, as I ha' told you.

*Per.* I doe remember that relation,  
As if you had but given it me this morning.

*Doct.* Now cast your Sea weeds off, and do'n fresh garments.  
Hearke sir their Musicke. *Act 2. Scene 5.* *Shift.*

*Hoboyes.* Enter *Letoy, loylessse, Diana, Martha, Barara, in*  
*Masques, they sit at the other end of the stage.*

*Let.* Here we may sit, and he not see us.

*Doct.* Now see one of the Natives of this Country,  
Note his attire, his language, and behaviour.

*Enter Quailpipe, Prologue.*

*Qua.* Our farre fetch'd Title over lands and seas,  
Offers unto your view th' Antipodes.  
But what Antipodes now shall you see?  
Even those that foot to foot 'gainst *London* be,  
Because no Traveller that knowes that state,  
Shall say we personate or imitate  
Them in our actions: For nothing can  
Almost be spoke, but some or other man,  
Takes it unto himselfe; and sayes the stuffe,  
If it be vicious, or absurd enough:  
Was woven upon his backe. Farre, farre be all  
That bring such prejudice mixt with their gall.  
This play shall no Satyrick Timist be  
To taxe or touch at either him or thee,  
That art notorious. Tis so farre below  
Things in our orbe, that doe among us flow,  
That no degree, from Keyser to the Clowne,  
Shall say this vice or folly was mine owne.

*Let.* This had bin well now, if you had not dreamt  
Too long upon your sillab les.

*Ex. Prol.*

*Dia.*

*The Antipodes.*

*Dia.* The Prologue call you this my Lord ?

*Bar.* Tis my Lords Reader, and as good a lad  
Out of his function, as I would desire  
To mixe withall in civill conversation.

*Let.* Yes Lady, this was Prologue to the Play,  
As this is to our sweet ensuing pleasures.

*Kisse.*

*Joy.* Kissing indeed is Prologue to a Play,  
Compos'd by th' Divell, and acted by the Children  
Of his blacke Revells, may hell take yee for't.

*Mar.* Indeed I am weary, and would faine goe home.

*Bar.* Indeed but you must stay, and see the play.

*Mar.* The Play: what play? It is no Childrens play,  
Nor no Child-getting play, pray is it?

*Bar.* You'll see anon, O now the Actors enter.

*Flourish.*

*Act 2. Scene 6. Enter two Sergeants, with swords drawne, running  
before a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Why doe you not your office courteous friends?  
Let me entreat you stay, and take me with you;  
Lay but your hands on mee: I shall not rest  
untill I be arrested. A fore shoulder ache  
Paines and torments me, till your vertuous hands  
Doe clap or stroake it.

*1 Ser.* You shall pardon us.

*2 Ser.* And I beseech you pardon our intent,  
Which was indeed to have arrested you:  
But sooner shall the Charter of the City  
Be forfeited, then varlets (like our selves)  
Shall wrong a Gentlemans peace. So fare you well sir.

*Ex.*

*Gent.* O y'are unkinde.

*Per.* Pray what are those?

*Doct.* Two Catchpoles  
Runne from a Gentleman (it seemes) that would  
Have bin arrested.

*Act 2. Scene 7.*

*La.* Yonder's your Master,  
Goe take him you in hand, while I fetch breath,

*Enter old Lady and*

*Bip.* O are you here? my Lady, and my selfe  
Have fought you sweetly.

*Byplay, like a  
Servingman.*

*Let.* You, and your Lady, you  
Should ha' said Puppy.

*The Antipodes.*

*Byp.* For we heard you were  
To be arrested. Pray sir, who has bail'd you?  
I wonder who of all your bold acquaintance  
That knowes my Lady durst baile off her husband.

*Gent.* Indeed I was not touch'd.

*Byp.* Have you not made  
An end by composition, and disburs'd  
Some of my Ladies money for a peace  
That shall beget an open warre upon you?  
Confesse it if you have: for 'twill come out.  
She'll ha' you up you know. I speak it for your good.

*Gent.* I know't, and ile entreate my Lady wife  
To mend thy wages tother forty shillings  
A yeare, for thy true care of me.

*La.* Tis well Sir,  
But now (if thou hast impudence so much,  
As face to face, to speak unto a Lady  
That is thy wife, and supream head) tell me  
At whose sute was it? or upon what action?  
Debts I presume you have none: For who dares trust  
A Ladyes husband, who is but a Squire,  
And under covert barne? it is some trespassse——  
Answer me not till I finde out the truth.

*Gent.* The truth is ———.

*La.* Peace,  
How darst thou speake the truth  
Before thy wife? ile finde it out my selfe.

*Dia.* In truth she handles him handsomely.

*Joy.* Doe you like it?

*Dia.* Yes and such wives are worthy to be lik'd,  
For giving good example.

*Let.* Good! hold up  
That humour by all meanes.

*La.* I thinke I ha' found it.  
There was a certaine Mercer sent you silkes,  
And cloth of gold to get his wife with child;  
You slighted her, and answered not his hopes;  
And now he layes to arrest you; is't not so?

*Gent.* Indeed my Lady wife tis so.

*The Antipodes.*

*La* For shame

Be not ingratefull to that honest man,  
To take his wares, and scorne to lye with his wife.  
Do't I command you; what did I marry you for?  
The portion that you brought me was not so  
Aboundant, though it were five thousand pounds  
(Considering too the Jointure that I made you)  
That you should disobey me.

*Dia.* It seemes the husbands  
In the *Antipodes* bring portions, and  
The wives make Jointures,

*Ioy.* Very well observ'd.

*Dia.* And wives, when they are old, and past child-bearing,  
Allow their youthfull husbands other women.

*Let.* Right. And old men give their young wives like licence.

*Dia.* That I like well. Why should not our old men,  
Love their young wives as well?

*Ioy.* Would you have it so?

*Let.* Peace master *Joylesse*, you are too lowd. Good still.

*Byp.* Doe as my Lady bids, you got her woman  
With child at halfe these words.

*Gent.* O, but anothers  
Wife is another thing. Farre be it from  
A Gentlemans thought to doe so, having a wife  
And hand-mayd of his owne that he likes better.

*Byp.* There said you well; but take heed / advise you  
How you love your owne wench, or your owne wife  
Better then other mens.

*Dia.* Good Antipodian counsell.

*La.* Goe to that woman, if she prove with childe,  
I'll take it as mine owne.

*Gent.* her husband would  
Doe so. But from my house I may not stray.

*Mar.* If it be me your wife commends you to,  
You shall not need to stray from your owne house.  
I'll goe home with you.

*Bar.* Precious! what doe you meane?  
Pray keere your feet: you'll put the players out.

*J. y.* Here's good counsell: I see in the *Antipodes* too,

*The Antipodes.*

*Per.* And what are those?

*Doct.* All *Antipodeans*,  
Attend good Sir.

*La.* You know your charge, obey it.

*Act. 2. Scene. 8. Enter waiting woman great bellied.*

*Wom.* What is his charge? or whom must he obey?

Good madam with your wilde authority;  
You are his wife, tis true, and therein may  
According to our law, rule, and controwle him.  
But you must know withall, I am your servant,  
And bound by the same law to governe you,  
And be a stay to you in declining age,  
To curbe and qualifie your head-strong will,  
Which otherwise would ruine you. Moreover,  
Though y'are his wife, I am a breeding mother,  
Of a deare childe of his; and therein claime  
More honor from him then you ought to challenge.

*La.* Insooth she speakes but reason.

*Gent.* Pray let's home then.

(think,

*Wom.* You have something there to looke to, one would  
If you had any care. How well you saw  
Your father at Schoole to day, and knowing how apt  
He is to play the Trewant.

*Gent.* But is he not  
Yet gone to schoole?

*Wom.* Stand by, and you shall see.

*Act. 2. Scene. 9. Enter three old men with satchells, &c.*

*All. 3.* *Domine, domine duster.* Three knaves in a cluster, &c.

*Gent.* O this is gallant pastime. Nay come on,  
Is this your schoole? was that your lesson, ha?

*1 Old.* Pray now good son, indeed, indeed.

*Gent.* Indeed.

You shall to schoole, away with him; and take  
Their wagships with him; the whole cluster of 'hem.

*2 Old.* You shant send us now, so you shant.

*3 Old.* We be none of your father, so we beant.

*Gent.* Away with 'hem I say; and tell their Schoole-mistress,  
What trewants they are, and bid her pay 'hem soundly.

*All. 3.* O, O, O.

*The Ant ipodes.*

*Byp.* Come, come, ye Gallows-clappers.

*Dia.* Alasse, will no body beg pardon for  
The poore old boyes?

*Doct.* Sir, gentle Sir, a word with you.

*Byp.* To strangers Sir I can be gentle.

*Let.* Good,

Now marke that fellow, he speakes *Extempore*.

*Dia.* *Extempore* call you him? he's a dogged fellow  
To the three poore old things there, fie upon him.

*Per.* Do men of such faire years, here go to schoole?

*Byp.* They would dye dunces else.

*Per.* Have you no young men schollers, sir I pray;  
When we have beardlesse doctors?

*Doct.* He has wip'd my lips, you question very wisely Sir.

*Byp.* So sir have wee; and many reverend teachers,  
Grave counsellors at law; perfect statesmen,  
That never knew use of Rasor, which may live  
For want of wit to loose their offices.  
These were great schollers in their youth. But when  
Age growes upon men here, their learning wasts,  
And so decayes; that if they live untill  
Threescore, their sons send them to schoole againe.  
They'd dye as speechlesse else as new born children.

*Per.* Tis a wise nation; and the piety  
Of the young men most rare and commendable,  
Yet give me as a stranger leave to beg  
Their liberty this day; and what they loose by't,  
My father when he goes to schoole, shall answer.

*Joy.* I am abus'd on that side too.

*Byp.* Tis granted.

Hold up your heads and thanke the gentleman  
Like schollers, with your heeles now.

*All.* 3. *Gratias, Gratias, Gratias.* —

*Exit.*

*Dia.* Well done sonne *Peregrine*, he's in's wits I hope.

*Joy.* If you lose yours the while, where's my advantage?

*Dia.* And trust me, twas well done too of *Extempore*.  
To let the poore old children loose. And now  
I looke well on him he's a proper man.

*Joy.* She'll fall in love with the Actor, and undoe me.

*Dia.*

*The Antipodes.*

*Dia.* Do's not his Lady love him, sweet my Lord?

*Let.* Love; yes, and lye with him, as her husband do's  
With's mayd. It is their law in the *Antipodes*.

*Dia.* But we have no such lawes with us.

*Ioy.* Doe you approve of such a law?

*Dia.* No; not so much

In this case, where the man and wife doe lye  
With their inferiour servants; But in the other,  
Where the old Citizen would arrest the gallant  
That tooke his wares and would not lye with's wife,  
There it seemes reasonable, very reasonable.

*Ioy.* Do's it?

*Dia.* Mak't your owne case, you are an old man,  
I love a gentleman, you give him rich presents,  
To get me a child (becaule you cannot) must not  
We looke to have our bargaine?

*Ioy.* Give me leave

Now to be gone my Lord, though I leave her  
Behinde me; shee is mad, and not my wife,  
And I may leave her.

*Let.* Come; you are mov'd I see,  
I'll settle all; But first, prevaile with you  
To taste my wine and sweet meats. The Comedians  
Shall pause the while. This you must not deny me.

*Exit.*

*Ioy.* I must not live here alwaies, that's my comfort.

*Exit.*

*Per.* I thanke you Sir, for the poore men's release,  
It was the first request that I have made  
Since I came in these confines.

*Byp.* Tis our custome  
To deny strangers nothing: yea, to offer  
Of any thing we have, that may be usefull,  
In curtesie to strangers. Will you therefore  
Bepreas'd to enter Sir this habitation,  
And take such vyands, beverage, and repose  
As may refresh you after tedious travailes?

*Dock.* Thou tak'st him right: for I am sure he's hungry.

*Per.* All I have scene since my arrivall, are  
Wonders. But your humanity excells.

*Byp.* Vertue in the *Antipodes* onely dwells.

**Act 3. Scene 1.**

*Letoy, Ioylesse, Diana, Martha, Barbara.*

*Let.* **Y** Et, Mr. *Ioylesse*, are you pleas'd? you see  
Here's nothing but faire play, and all above boord.

*Ioy.* But it is late, and these long intermissions  
By banqueting and Courtship twixt the Acts  
Will keep backe the Catastrophe of your play,  
Vntill the morning light.

*Let.* All shall be short.

*Ioy.* And then in midst of Scenes  
You interrupt your Actors; and tye them  
To lengthentime in silence, while you hold  
Discourse, by th'by.

*Let.* Poxe o'thy jealousie.  
Because I give thy wife a looke, or word  
Sometimes! What if I kisse (thus) Ile not cate her.

*Ioy.* Soc. so, his banquet workes with him.

*Let.* And for my Actors, they shall speake, or not speake  
As much, or more, or lesse, and when I please,  
It is my way of pleasure, and ile use it.  
So fit: They enter.

*Flourish.*

**Act 3. Scene 2. Enter Lawyer, and Poet.**

*Lam.* Your case is cleare, I understand it fully,  
And need no more instructions, this shall serve,  
To firke your Adversary from Court to Court,  
If he stand out upon rebellious Legges,  
But till O<sup>c</sup>tabis Michaelis next.  
Ile bring him on submissivev knees.

*Dia.* What's he?

*Let.* A Lawyer, and his Clyent, there's a Poet.

*Dia.* Goes Law so torne, and Poetry so brave?

## The Antipodes.

*Joy.* Will you but give the Actors leave to speake,  
They may have done the sooner?

*Law.* Let me see,  
This is your bill of Parcells.

*Poet.* Yes, of all  
My severall wares, according to the rates  
Delivered unto my debtor,

*Dia.* Wares does he say?

*Let.* Yes, Poetry is good ware  
In the Antipodes, though there be some ill payers,  
As well as here; but Law there rights the Poets.

*Law.* Delivered too, and for the use of the right worshipfull  
Mr. Alderman *Humblebee*, as followeth — *Imprimis* — *Reads.*  
Umh, I cannot read your hand; your Character  
Is bad, and your Orthography much worse.  
Read it your selfe pray.

*Dia.* Doe Aldermen  
Love Poetry in Antipodea London.

*Let.* Better than ours doe Custards; but the worst  
Pay-masters living there; worse than our gallants,  
Partly for want of money, partly wit.

*Dia.* Can Aldermen want wit and money too?  
That's wonderfull.

*Poet.* *Imprimis*, sir here is  
For three religious Madrigalls to be sung  
By th' holy Vestalls in Bridewell, for the  
Conversion of our City wives and daughters,  
Ten groats a peece, it was his owne agreement.

*Law.* Tis very reasonable.

*Poet.* *Item*, twelve Hymnes,  
For the twelve Sessions, during his Shrievalty,  
Sung by the Quire of New-gate, in the praise  
Of City Clemency (for in that yeare  
No guiltlesse person suffer'd by their judgement)  
Ten groats a peece also.

*Law.* So, now it rises.

*Dia.* Why speaks your Poet so demurely?

*Let.* Oh —  
Tis a precise tone he has got among  
The sober sister-hood.

*Dia.*

## The Antipodes.

*Dia.* Oh I remember,  
The Doctor said Poets were all Puritans  
In the Antipodes : But where's the Doctor?  
And where's your sonne my *Joyleffe*?

*Let.* Doe not minde him.

*Poet. Item,*  
A Disticke graven in his thumb-ring,  
Of all the wise speeches and sayings of all  
His Alder Predecessors, and his brethren  
In two Kings reignes.

*Law.* There was a curious Peece.

*Poet.* Two peeces he promised to me for it.  
*Item,* inscriptions in his Hall and Parlour,  
His Gallery, and garden, round the walls,  
Of his owne publicke acts, betweene the time  
He was a Common Councell man and shrieve,  
One thousand lines put into whole me verse.

*Law.* Here's a summe towards indeed ! a thousand verses?

*Poet.* They come too, at the known rate of the City.  
(That is to say at forty pence the score)  
Eight pounds sixe shillings, eight pence.

*Law.* Well sir, on.

*Poet. Item,* an Elegy for Mistris Alderwoman  
Upon the death of one of her Coach-mares,  
She priz'd above her daughter, being crooked—

*Dia.* The more beast she.

*Mar.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Bar.* Enough, enough sweet-heart.

*Mar.* Tis true, for I should weep for that poore daughter,  
Tis like she'll have no children, pray now looke,  
Am not I crooked too?

*Bar.* No, no, sit downe.

*Poet. Item,* a love Epistle for the Alderman in his sonne,  
And a Booke of the godly life and death  
Of Mistris Katherine Stubs, which I have turn'd  
Into sweet meetre, for the vertuous youth,  
To woe an ancient Lady widow with.

*Law.* Heres a large summe in all, for which ile try,  
His strength in law, till he peccavi cry,

## The Antipodes.

When I shall sing, for all his present bignesse;  
*lamq; opus exegi quod nec Iovis Ira, nec ignis.*

*Dia.* The Lawyer speaks the Poets part.

*Let.* He thinks

The more; the Poets in th' *Antipodes*,  
Are slow of tongue, but nimble with the pen.

*Poet.* The counsaile and the comfort you have given  
Me, requires a double fee. *Offers money.*

*Law.* Will you abuse me therefore?  
I take no fees double nor single I.

Retaine your money, you retaine not me else,  
Away, away, you'll hinder other Clyents.

*Poet.* Pray give me leave to send them to your wife.

*Law.* Not so much as a Poesie for her thimble,  
For feare I spoyle your cause,

*Poet.* Y've warned me fir.

*Dia.* What a poore honest Lawyer's this?

*Let.* They are all so  
In th' *Antipodes*.

*Act 3. Scene 3. Enter a spruce young Captaine.*

*Law.* Y're welcome Captaine,  
In your two causes I have done my best.

*Cap.* And whats the issue pray sir?

*Law.* Truly sir,  
Our best course is not to proceed to triall.

*Cap.* Your reason? I shall then recover nothing.

*Law.* Yes, more by composition, than the Court  
Can lawfully ad judge you, as I have labour'd.  
And sir, my course is, where I can compound  
A difference, Ile not tosse nor bandy it  
Into the hazzard of a judgement.

*Dia.* Still

An honest Lawyer, and thö poore, no marvaile.

*Let.* A kisse for thy conceited

*Joy.* A sweet occasion

*Cap.* How have you done sir?

*Law.* First you understand  
Your severall actions, and your adversaries.  
The first a Battery against a Coach-man,  
That beate you sorely.

*Dia.*

## *The Antipodes.*

*Dia.* What hard hearted fellow  
Could beat so spruce a gentleman, and a captain.

*Cap.* By this faire hilt, he did sir, and so bruis'd  
My armes, so crush'd my ribs, and stich'd my sides,  
That I have had no heart to draw my sword since;  
And shall I put it up, and not his purse  
Be made to pay for't?

*Law.* It is up already, sir,  
If you can be advis'd, observe I pray,  
Your other actions 'gainst your feathermaker,  
And that of trespassse for th' incessant trouble  
He puts you to by importunate requests,  
To pay him no money, but take longer day.

*Cap.* Against all humane reason, for although  
I have bought feathers of him these foure yea,  
And never paid him a penny; yet he duns me  
So desperately to keepe my money still,  
As if I ought him nothing; he haunts and breaks my sleepes.  
I sweare sir, by the motion of this I weare now, *Shakes it.*  
I have had twenty better feathers of him, and as ill paid for,  
Yet still he duns me to forbear my payment,  
And to take longer day:  
More then at first, I ha' not said my prayers in  
Mine owne lodging sir this twelvemonths day,  
For sight or thought of him; and how can you  
Compound this action, or the other of  
That Ruffian Coachman that durst lift a hand  
'Gainst a Commander.

*Law.* Very easily thus,  
The Coachman's poore, and scarce his twelvemonths wages  
Tho't be five markes a yeare will satisfie.

*Cap.* Pray name no summe in markes, I have had too many  
Of's markes already.

*Law.* So you owe the other  
A debt of twenty pound; the Coachman now  
Shall for your satisfaction, beat you out  
Of debt.

*Cap.* Beate me againe?

*Law.* No sir he shall beate

*The Antipodes.*

For you your feather man till he take his money.

*Cap.* So Ile be satisfied, and helpe him to  
More customers of my ranke.

*Law.* Leave it to me then,  
It shall be by posterity repeaten  
That souldiers ought not to be dund or beaten,  
Away and keepe your money.

*Capt.* Thanke you sir.

*Dia.* An honest lawyer, still how he considers  
The weake estate of a young Gentleman  
At armes — But who comes here? a woman.

*Act. 3. Sce. 4.*

*Enter Buffe*

*Woman.*

*Let.* Yes; that has taken up the newest fashion  
Of the towne-militasters.

*Dia.* Is it Buffe,  
Or Calfe skin troe? she lookes as she cold beate  
Out a whole Taverne garison before her  
Of mill tasters call you 'em? if her husband  
Be an old jealous man now, and can please her  
No better then most ancient husbands can,  
I warrant she makes her selfe good upon him.

*Lawyer.*

*reads on papers.*

*Ioy.* Tis very good, the play begins to please me.

*Buff.* I wayt to speake w' yee sir, but must I stand  
Your constring and piercing of your scriblings.

*Law.* Cry mercy Lady.

*Dia.* Lady does he call her?

*Law.* Thus farre I have proceeded in your cause  
Ith' Marshalls court.

*Buff.* But shall I have the combate?

*Law.* Pray observe  
The passages of my proceedings; and  
The pro's and contras in the windings, workings  
And carriage of the cause.

*Buff.* Fah on your passages,  
Your windy workings, and your fillings at  
The barre. Come me toth' poynt, is it decreed,  
A combate?

*Law.* Well, it is; and heer's your order.

*Buff.* Now thou hast spoken like a lawyer,  
And heer's thy fee.

*Law.*

*The Antipodes.*

*Law.* By no meanes gentle Lady.

*Buff.* Take it, or I will beat thy carcasse thinner  
Then thou hast worne thy gowne here.

*Law.* Pardon me.

*Buff.* Must I then take you in hand?

*Law.* Hold, hold, I take it.

*Dia.* Alas poore man, he will take money yet,  
Rather then blowes; and so farre he agrees  
With our rich lawyers, that sometimes give blowes  
And shrewd ones for their money.

*Buff.* Now victory  
Affoord me fate, or bravely let me dye.

*Exit.*

*Let.* Very well acted that.

*Dia.* Goes she to fight now?

*Let.* You shall see that anon

*Act. 3. Scene. 5. Enter a Beggar, and a Gallant.*

*Dia.* What's here, what's here?

A Courtier, or some gallant practising  
The beggars trade, who teaches him I thinke.

*Let.* Y'are something neare the subject.

*Beg.* Sir excuse me, I have  
From time to time supplied you without hope,  
Or purpose to receive least retribution  
From you, no not so much as thanks or bare  
Acknowledgement of the free benefits,  
I have confer'd upon you.

*Gal.* Yet good unkle.

*Beg.* Yet doe you now when that my present store  
Responds not my occasions, seeke to oppresse me  
With vaine petitionary breath; for what I may not  
Give without feare of dangerous detriment?

*Dia.* In what a phrase the ragged Orator  
Displayes himselfe.

*Let.* The Beggars are the  
Most absolute Courtiers in th' *Antipodes.*

*Gal.* If not a peece, yet spare me halfe a peece  
For goodnesse sake good sir, did you but know  
My instant want, and to what vertuous use,  
I would distribute it, I know you would not

Hold

## *The Antipodes.*

Hold backe your charity.

*Dia.* And how feelingly

He begges ; then as the beggers are the best  
Courtiers, it seemes the Courtiers are best beggers

In the *Antipodes* ; how contrary in all  
Are they to us ?

*Beg.* Pray to what vertuous uses  
Would you put money to now, if you had it ?

*Gal.* I would bestow a crowne in Ballads,  
Love-pamphlets, and such poetickall Rarities,  
To send downe to my Lady Grandmother.  
She's very old you know, and given much  
To contemplation ; I know she'll send me for 'em,  
In Puddings, Bacon, Sowse and Pot-Butter  
Enough to keepe my chamber all this winter.  
So shall I save my fathers whole allowance  
To lay upon my backe, and not be forc'd  
To shift out from my study for my victualls.

*Dia.* Belike he is some student.

*Beg.* There's a crowne.

*Gal.* I would bestow another crowne in  
Hobby-horses, and Rattles for my Grand-father,  
Whose legges and hearing faile him very much.  
Then to preserve his sight a Jack-a-lent,  
In a greene farsnet suite, he'll make my father  
To send me one of Scarlet, or hee'll cry  
His eyes out for't.

*Dia.* Oh politique young student.

*Beg.* I have but just a fee left for my Lawyer ;  
If he exact not that, Ile give it thee.

*Dia.* He'll take no fee (that's sure enough young man)  
Of beggars, I know that.

*Let.* You are deceiv'd.

*Dia.* Ile speake to him my selfe else to remit it.

*Ioy.* You will not sure, will you turne Actor too ?  
Pray doe, be put in for a share amongst em ?

*Dia.* How must I be put in ?

*Ioy.* The Players will quickly  
Shew you, if you performe your part ; perhaps

They

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They may want one to act the whore amongst 'em.

*Let.* Fye Master *Ioylesse*, y'are too fowle.

*Ioy.* My Lord,

She is too faire it seemes in your opinion,  
For me, therefore if you can finde it lawfull,  
Keepe her ; I will be gone.

*Let.* Now I protest

Sit and sit civilly, till the play be done,  
Ile lock thee up else, as I am true *Letoy*.

*Ioy.* Nay I ha' done ———— *Whistles Fortune my foe.*

*Law.* Give me my fee, I cannot heare you else.

*Beg.* Sir I am poore, and all I get, is at  
The hands of charitable givers ; pray sir.

*Law.* You understand me sir, your cause is to be  
Pleaded to day, or you are quite orethrowne in't.  
The Judge by this tyme is about to sit.

Keepe fast your money, and forgoe your wit.

*Exit.*

*Beg.* Then I must follow, and entreate him to it,  
Poore men in law must not disdaine to doe it.

*Exit.*

*Gal.* Doe it then, Ile follow you and heare the cause.

*Exit.*

*Dia.* True Antipodians still, for as with us,  
The Gallants follow Lawyers, and the beggers them ;  
The Lawyer here is follow'd by the begger,  
While the gentleman followes him.

*Let.* The morall is, the Lawyers here prove beggers,  
And beggers only thrive by going to law.

*Dia.* How takes the Lawyers then the beggers money ?  
And none else by their wills ?

*Let.* They send it all  
Up to our lawyers, to stop their mouths,  
That curse poore Clyents that are put upon 'em.

*In forma Pauperis.*

*Dia.* In truth most charitable,  
But sure that money's lost by 'th way sometimes.  
Yet sweet my Lord, whom doe these beggers beg of,  
That they can get aforchand so for law ?  
Who are their benefactors ?

*Let.* Usurers, Usurers.

*Dia.* Then they have Usurers in th' *Antipodes* too ?

*Let.* Yes Usury goes round the world, and will doe,  
Till the generall conversion of the Jewes.

*Dia.* But ours are not so charitable I feare.  
Who be their Usurers?

*Let.* Souldiers, and Courtiers chiefly;  
And some that passe for grave and pious Church-men.

*Dia.* How finely contrary th'are still to ours.

*Act. 3. Scene. 5. Enter Byplay.*

*Let.* Why doe you not enter, what are you asleepe? —

*Byp.* My Lord the madde young Gentleman. —

*Ioy.* What of him?

*Byp.* He has got into our Tying-house amongst us,  
And tane a strict survey of all our properties, (stellations  
Our statues and our images of Gods; our Planets and our con-  
Our Giants, Monsters, Furies, Beasts, and Bug-Bearers,  
Our Helmets, Shields, and Vizors, Haires, and Beards,  
Our Pastbord March-paines, and our Wooden Pies.

*Let.* Sirrah be briefe, be not you now as long in  
Telling what he saw, as he surveying.

*Byp.* Whether he thought twas some enchanted Castle,  
Or Temple, hung and pild with Monuments  
Of uncouth, and of various aspects,

I dive not to his thoughts, wonder he did

A while it seem'd, but yet undanted stood:

When on the suddaine, with thrice knightly force,

And thrice, thrice, puissant arme he snatcheth downe

The sword and shield that I playd *Bevis* with,

Riseth amongst the foresaid properties,

Kils Monster, after Monster; takes the Puppets

Prisoners, knocks downe the Cyclops, tumbles all

Our jigambobs and trinckets to the wall.

Spying at last the Crowne and royall Robes

In upper wardrobe, next to which by chance,

The divells vizors hung, and their flame painted

Skin coates; those he remov'd with greater fury,

And (having cut the infernall ugly faces,

All into mamocks) with a reverend hand,

He takes the imperiall diadem and crownes

Himselfe King of the *Antipodes*, and beleeves

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He has justly gaind the Kingdome by his conquest.

*Let.* Let him enjoy his fancy.

*Byp.* Doctor *Hughball*

Hath sooth'd him in't, so that nothing can

Be said against it, he begins to governe

With purpose to reduce the manners

Of this country to his owne, h' has constituted

The Doctor his chiefe officer; whose Secretary

I am to be, you'l see a Court well orderd.

*Let.* I see th'event already, by the ayme *Let of wispers*  
The Doctor takes, proceed you with your play, *With Barbara.*  
And let him see it in what state he pleases.

*Byp.* I goe my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Dia.* Trust me, this same *Extempore*,  
(I know not's tother name) pleases me better  
For absolute action then all the rest.

*Ioy.* You were best beg him of his Lord.

*Dia.* Say you so?

He's busie, or I'd move him,

*Let.* Prithee doe so,

Good Mistres *Blaze*; goe with her gentle Lady, *to Marth.*  
Doe as she bids you, you shall get a child by't.

*Mar.* Ile doe as any body bids me for a childe.

*Ioy.* *Diana* yet be wise, beare not the name  
Of sober chastity to play the beast in.

*Dia.* Thinke not your selfe, nor make your selfe a beast,  
Before you are one, and when you appeare so,  
Then thanke your selfe; your jealousie durst not trust me,  
Behinde you in the country, and since I'me here,  
Ile see and know, and follow th' fashion; if  
It be to cuckold you, I cannot helpe it.

*Ioy.* I now could wish my sonne had beene as farre  
In the *Antipodes* as he thinkes himselfe,  
Ere I had runne this hazzard.

*Let.* Y'are instructed.

*Bar.* And Ile perform't I warrant you my Lord. *Ex. Ba. Mar.*

*Dia.* Why should you wish so? had you rather loose  
Your son then please your wife? you shew your love both waies.

*Let.* Now whats the matter?

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*Ioy.* Nothing, nothing. —

*Let.* Sit, the Actors enter.

*Flourish.*

*Act. 3. Scene 6. Enter Byplay the Governour, Mace-bearer, Sword-bearer, Officer, the Mace and Sword laid on the Table, the Governour sits.*

*Dia.* What's he a King?

*Let.* No tis the City Governor,  
And the chiefe Judge within their Corporation.

*Ioy.* Here's a City

*Enter Peregrine  
and Doctor.*

Like to be well govern'd then. —

*Let.* Yonder's a king, doe you know him?

*Dia.* Tis your sonne,  
My loyleffe, now y'are pleas'd.

*Ioy.* Would you were pleas'd,  
To cease your huswifry in spinning out  
The Play at length thus.

*Doct.* Heere sir, you shall see  
A poynt of Justice handled.

*Byp.* Officer.

*Off.* My Lord.

*Byp.* Call the defendant, and the Plaintiffe in.

*Sword.* Their counsell and their witnesses.

*Byp.* How now!

How long ha you beene free oth Poyntmakers,  
Good master hilt and scaberd carrier;  
(Which is in my hands now) do you give order  
For counsell and for witnesses in a cause  
Fit for my hearing, or for me to judge, haw?  
I must be rul'd and circumscrib'd by Lawyers must I,  
And witnesses haw? no you shall know  
I can give judgement, be it right or wrong,  
Without their needlesse proving and defending:  
So bid the Lawyers goe and shake their eares,  
If they have any, and the witnesses,  
Preserve their breath to prophesie of dry summers.  
Bring me the plaintiffe, and defendant only:  
But the defendant first, I will not heare  
Any complaint before I understand  
What the defendant can say for himselfe.

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*Per.* I have not known such down right equity,  
If he proceeds as he begins, ile grace him. —

*Act. 3. Sce. 7 Enter Gentleman, and Officer.*

*By.* Now sir, are you the plaintiffe or defendant, haw?

*Gent.* Both as the case requires my Lord.

*Byp.* I cannot

Hear two at once, speake first as y<sup>e</sup> are defendant.

*Gent.* Mine adversary doth complaine.

*Byp.* I will heare no

Complaint, Ifay speake your defence.

*Gent.* For silkes and  
Stuffes receiv'd by me.

*Byp.* A Mercer is he, haw?

*Gent.* Yes my good Lord, he doth not now complain.

*Byp.* That I like well.

*Gent.* For money nor for wares  
Againe: but he complains.

*By.* Complaines againe? do you double with me, haw?

*Gent.* In his wives cause.

*Byp.* Of his wife, does he, haw? That I must confesse  
Is many a good mans case; you may proceed.

*Gent.* In money I tender him double satisfaction,  
With his own wares again unblemished, undishonor'd.

*Byp.* That is unworne, unpawned.

*Dia.* What an odde  
Jeering Judge is this?

*Gent.* But unto me,  
They were deliverd upon this condition,  
That I should satisfie his wife.

*Byp.* Heel have  
Your body for her then, unlesse I empte  
My brest of mercy to appease her for you,  
Call in the plaintiffe; sir, stand you aside.

*Exit Officer.*

*Dia.* Oh tis the flinching Gentleman that broake  
With the kind citizens wife. I hope the Judge  
Will make him an example.

*Act. 3. Scene. 8. Enter Citizen, and Officer.*

*Byp.* Come you forwards,  
Yet nerer man, I know my face is terrible,

And that a Citizen had rather lose  
His debt, then that a Judge should truly know  
His dealings with a gentleman, yet speake,  
Repeat without thy shop-booke now; and without  
Feare, it may rise in judgement here against thee,  
What is thy full demand? what satisfaction  
Requirest thou of this gentleman?

*Cit.* And please you sir ———

*Sword.* Sir! you forget your selfe.

*By.* Twas well said Sword-bearer,  
Thou knowst thy place, which is to shew correction.

*Cit.* My Lord an't please you, if it like your honour.

*By.* La! an intelligent Citizen, and may grow  
In time himselfe to sit in place of worship.

*Cit.* I aske no satisfaction of the gentleman,  
But to content my wife: what her demand is,  
Tis best knowne to her selfe; please her, please me,  
An't please you sir — My Lord an't like your honour.  
But before he has given her satisfaction,  
I may not fall my suit, nor draw my action.

*By.* You may not.

*Cit.* No alacke a day I may not,  
Nor find content, nor peace at home, and't please you  
(My Lord, an't like your honour I would say)  
An't please you, what's a tradesman, that  
Has a faire wife, without his wife, an't please you?  
And she without content is no wife, considering  
We trades-men live by gentlemen, an't please you,  
And our wives drive a halfe trade with us, if the gentlemen  
Breake with our wives, our wives are no wives to us,  
And we but broken Trades-men, an't please you.  
And't like your honour, my good Lord, and't please you.

*By.* You argue honestly. *Cit.* Yet gentlemen,  
A lacke a day, and please you, and like your honour,  
Will not consider our necessities,  
And our desire in general through the City,  
To have our sonnes all gentlemen like them.

*By.* Nor though a gentleman consume  
His whole estate among ye, yet his sonne

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May live t'inherit it?

*Cit.* Right, right, and t' please you:  
Your honour my good Lord and t' please you.

*By.* Well,  
This has so little to be said against it,  
That you say nothing. Gentlemen it seems  
Y'are obstinate, and will stand out——

*Gent.* My Lord,  
Rather then not to stand out with all mens wives,  
Except mine owne, ile yield me into prison.

*Cit.* Alacke a day.

*Dia.* If our young gentlemen,  
Were like those of th' Antipodes, what decay  
Of trade would here bee, and how full the prisons?

*Gent.* I offer him any other satisfaction;  
His wares againe, or money twice the value.

*By.* That's from the poynt.

*Cit.* I, I, alacke a day,  
Nor doe I sue to have him up in prison,  
Alacke a day, what good (good gentleman)  
Can I get by his body?

*By.* Peace, I should  
Now give my sentence, and for your contempt,  
(which is a great one, such as if let passe  
Unpunished, may spread forth a dangerous  
Example. to the breach of City custome,  
By gentlemens neglect of Tradesmens wives)  
I should say for this contempt commit you  
Prisoner from sight of any other woman,  
Untill you give this mans wife satisfaction,  
And she release you; justice so would have it:  
But as I am a Citizen by nature,  
(For education made it so) ile use  
Urbanity in your behalfe towards you;  
And as I am a gentleman by calling,  
(For so my place must have it) ile performe  
For you the office of a gentleman  
Towards his wife, I therefore order this;  
That you bring me the wares here into Court,

(I have

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(I have a chest shall hold 'hem, as mine owne)  
 And you send me your wife, ile satisfie her  
 My selfe. Ile do't, and set all streight and right:  
 Justice is blinde, but Judges have their sight.

*Dia.* And feeling too in the *Antipodes*.

Han't they my Lord?

*Joy.* What's that to you my Lady?

*Within.* Dismiss the Court.

*Let.* Dismiss the Court, cannot you heare the prompter?

Ha' you lost your eares, Judge?

*By.* No: dismiss the Court,  
 Embrace you friends, and to shun further strife,  
 See you send me your stuffe, and you your wife.

*Per.* Most admirable Justice.

*Dia.* Protest *Extempore* plaid the Judge; and I  
 Knew him not all this while.

*Joy.* What over-sight  
 Was there?

*Dia.* He is a properer man methinks  
 Now, than he was before: sure I shall love him.

*Joy.* Sure, sure, you shall not, shall you?

*Dia.* And I warrant,  
 By his Judgement speech ee'n now, he loves a woman well:  
 For he said, if you noted him, that he  
 Would satisfie the Citizens wife himselfe.  
 Methinks a gentlewoman might please him better.

*Joy.* How dare you talke so? *Byplay kneeles, and kisses*

*Dia.* What's he a doing now troe? *Peregrines hand.*

*Per.* Kneele downe  
 Again. Give me a sword some body.

*Let.* The King's about to Knight him.

*By.* Let me pray  
 Your Majesty be pleased, yet to with-hold  
 That undeserved honour, till you first  
 Vouchsafe to grace the City with your presence,  
 Accept one of our Hall-feasts, and a freedome,  
 And freely use our purse for what great summes  
 Your Majesty will please.

*Dia.* What subjects there are  
 In the *Antipodes*.

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*Let.* None in the world so loving.

*Per.* Give me a sword, I say, must I call thrice?

*Let.* No, no, take mine my Liege.

*Per.* Yours ! what are you?

*Doct.* A loyall Lord, one of your subjects too.

*Per.* He may be loyall ; he's a wondrous plaine one,

*Joy.* Prithceee *Diana*, yet lets slip away  
Now while he's busie.

*Dia.* But where's your daughter in Law?

*Joy.* Gone home I warrant you with *Mistris Blace*.  
Let them be our example.

*Dia.* You are cosen'd.

*Joy.* Y'are an impudent whore,

*Dia.* I know not what I may be  
Made by your jealousy.

*Per.* He none o' this,  
Give me that Princely weapon.

*Let.* Give it him.

*Sword.* It is a property you know my Lord,  
No blade, but a rich Scabbard with a Lath in't.

*Let.* So is the sword of Justice for ought he knows.

*Per.* It is enchanted.

*By.* Yet on me let it fall,  
Since tis your highnesse will, Scabbard and all.

*Per.* Rise up our trusty well beloved Knight.

*By.* Let me finde favour in your gracious sight  
To taste a banquet now, which is prepar'd,  
And shall be by your followers quickly shar'd.

*Per.* My followers, where are they?

*Let.* Come Sirs quickly. *Ent. 5. or 6. Courtiers.*

*Per.* Tis well, lead on the way.

*Dia.* And must not we  
Goe to the Banquet too?

*Let.* He must not see

You yet ; I have provided otherwise  
For both you in my Chamber, and from thence  
Wee'll at a window see the rest oth' Play,  
Or if you needs sir will stay here, you may.

*Joy.* Was ever man betray'd thus into torment?

*Ex.*

Act 4. Scene 1.

*Enter Doctor, and Peregrine.*

*Doct.* **N**OW sir be pleas'd to cloud your Princely raiment  
With this disguise. Great Kings have done the like,  
To make discovery of passages *Puts on a Cloake*  
Among the people: thus you shall perceive *and Hat.*  
What to approve, and what correct among 'hem.

*Per.* And so ile cherish, or severely punish.

*Enter an old woman reading: to her, a young Maid.*

*Doct.* Stand close sir, and observe.

*Old.* Royall pastime, in a great match betweene the Tanners  
and the Butchers, sixe dogges of a side, to play single at the game  
Bear, for fifty pound, and a tenne pound supper, for their dogs  
and themselves. Also you shall see two ten dogge-courses at the  
Great Beare.

*Maid.* Fie Granny fie, can no perswasions,  
Threatnings, nor blowes prevaile, but you'll persist  
In these prophane and Diabolicall courses,  
To follow Bear baitings, when you can scarce  
Spell out their Bills with spectacles?

*Old.* What though  
My sight be gone beyond the reach of Spectacles,  
In any print but this, and though I cannot,  
(No, no, I cannot read your meditations) *Strikes downe*  
Yet I can see the Royall game plaid over and over, *her book.*  
And tell which dogge does best, without my Spectacles.  
And though I could not, yet I love the noyse;  
The noyse revives me, and the Bear-garden scent  
Refresheth much my smelling.

*Maid.* Let me entreat you  
Forbeare such beastly pastimes, th'are Sathanicall.

*Old.* Take heed Child what you say, tis the Kings game.

*Per.* What is my game?

*Doct.*

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*Doct.* Bear-baiting sir she means.

*Old.* A Beare's a Princely beast, and one side Venison  
(Writ a good Author once) you yet want yeares,  
And are with Bawbles pleas'd, ile see the Beares. *Exit.*

*Maid.* And I must beare with it. she's full of wine,  
And for the present wilfull; but in due  
Season ile humble her: but we are all  
Too subject to infirmity.

*All 4.* *Scene 2. Enter a young Gentleman, and an old Serving-man.*

*Gent.* Boy—Boy.

*Ser.* Sir,

*Gent.* Here take my Cloake.

*Per.* Boy did he say?

*Doct.* Yes sir, old servants are  
But Boyes to Masters, be they nere so young.

*Gent.* Tis heavy, and I sweat.

*Ser.* Take mine, and keepe you warme then,  
Ile weare yours.

*Gent.* Out you Varlet,  
Dost thou obscure it, as thou meantst to pawne it?  
Is this a Cloake unworthy of the light?  
Publish it sirrah:—oh presumptuous slave,  
Display it on one arme——oh ignorance!

*Ser.* Pray load your Ass your selfe, as you would have it.

*Gent.* Nay prethee be not angry: Thus, and now  
Be sure you bear't at no such distance; but  
As't may be knowne appendix to this booke.

*Per.* This custome I have scene with us.

*Doct.* Yes, but  
It was deriv'd from the *Antipodes.*

*Maid.* It is a dainty creature, and my blood  
Rebells against the spirit: I must speake to him.

*Ser.* Sir here's a Gentlewoman makes towards you.

*Gent.* Me? she's deceiv'd, I am not for her mowing.

*Maid.* Faire sir, may you vouchsafe my company?

*Gent.* No truly, I am none of those you look for.  
The way is broad enough, unhand me pray you.

*Maid.* Pray sir be kinder to a lasse that loves you.

*Gent.* Some such there are, but I am none of those.

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*Maid.* Come, this is but a Coppy of your Counterance.  
I ha knowne you better than you thinke I doe.

*Gent.* What ha you knowne me for ?

*Maid.* I knew you once  
For halfe a peece I take it.

*Gent.* You are decciv'd  
The whole breadth of your nose. I scorne it.

*Maid.* Come be not coy, but send away your servant,  
And let me gi' you a pint of wine.

*Gent.* Pray keepe  
Your courtesie, I can bestow the wine  
Vpon my selfe, if I were so dispos'd,  
To drinke in Tavernes ; fah.

*Maid.* Let me bestow't  
Vpon you at your lodging then ; and there  
Be civilly merry.

*Gent.* Which if you doe,  
My wife shall thanke you for it ; but your better  
Course is to seeke one fitter for your turne,  
You'll lose your aime in me ; and I befriend you  
To tell you so.

*Maid.* Gip gaffer Shotten, fagh,  
Take that for your coy Counsell. *Kicks.*

*Gent.* Helpe, oh helpe.

*Ser.* What meane you gentlewoman ?

*Maid.* That to you sir. *Kicks.*

*Gent.* O murther, murther.

*Ser.* Peace good Master,  
And come away, Some Cowardly Jade I warrant,  
That durst not strike a woman.

*Act 4. Scene 3. Enter Constable, and Watch.*

*Con.* What's the matter ?

*Ser.* But and we were your match. —

*Watch.* What would you doe ?  
Come, come afore the Constable : now if  
You were her match, what would you doe sir ?

*Maid.* Doe ?  
They have done too much already sir : a Virgin  
Shall not passe shortly for these street-walkers,

*weeps.*

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If some judicious order be not taken.

*Gent.* Heare me the truth.

*Con.* Sir, speake to your companions,  
I have a wife and daughters, and am bound,  
By hourly precepts, to heare women first,  
Be't truth, or no truth, therefore virgin speake,  
And feare no bug beares, I will doe thee justice.

*Maid.* Sir, they assayld me, and with violent hands,  
When words could not prevaile, they would have drawne mee  
Aside unto their lust till I cryed murder.

*Gent.* Protest Sir, as I am a gentleman,  
And as my man's a man she beat us both,  
Till I cryd murder.

*Ser.* That's the woefull truth on't.

*Con.* You are a party, and no witnesse sir,  
Besides y'are two, and one is easier  
To be beleeu'd: moreover as you have the oddes  
In number, what were justice, if it should not support  
The weaker side? Away with them to the Counter.

*Per.* Call you this justice?

*Doct.* In th' *Antipodes*.

*Per.* Here's much to be reform'd, young man thy vertue  
Hath wonne my favour, goe, thou art at large.

*Doct.* Be gone.

*Gent.* He puts me out, my part is now  
To bribe the Constable.

*Doct.* No matter goe ———

*Exit. Gent. and Servant.*

*Per.* And you sir, take that sober seeming wanton,  
And clap her up, till I heare better of her,  
He strip you of your office and your cares else.

*Doct.* At first shew mercy.

*Per.* They are an ignorant nation,  
And have my pittie mingled with correction:  
And therefore, damsell (for you are the first  
Offender I have noted here, and this  
Your first offence (for ought I know)

*Maid.* Yes truly.

*Doct.* That was well said.

*Per.* Goe and transgresse no more,

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And as you finde my mercy sweet, see that  
You be not cruell to your grandmother,  
When she returnes from beare-baiting.

*Doct.* So all be gone.

*Ex.*

*Enter Buffe woman, her head and face bleeding, and many  
women, as from a Prize.*

*Per.* And what are these ?

*Doct.* A woman Fencer, that has plaid a Prize,  
It seemes, with Losse of blood.

*Per.* It doth amaze me.

*They passe over.*

What can her husband be, when shee's a Fencer?

*Doct.* He keepes a Schoole, and teacheth needle-worke,  
Or some such Arts which we call womanish.

*Per.* Tis most miraculous and wonderfull.

*Man scould within.* Rogues, Varlets, Harlots, ha you done  
Your worst, or would you drowne me? would you take my life?

*Women within.* Ducke him againe, ducke him againe.

*Per.* What noise is this ?

*Doct.* Some man it seemes, that's duckt for scolding.

*Per.* A man for scolding?

*Doct.* You shall see.

*Act. 4. Scene 4. Enter women and man-scold.*

*Wom.* So, so,

Enough, enough, he will be quiet now.

*Man sc.* How know you that, you divell ridden witch you?  
How, quiet; why quiet? has not the law past on me,  
Over, and over me, and must I be quiet?

*1 Wom.* Will you incurre the law the second time?

*Man sc.* The lawes the river, ist? yes tis a river,  
Through which great men, and cunning, wade, or swimme;  
But meane and ignorant must drowne in't; no  
You haggas and hel-hounds, witches, bitches, all,  
That were the law, the Judge, and Executioners,  
To my vexation, I hope to see  
More flames about your eares, then all the water  
You cast me in can quench.

*3 Wom.* In with him againe, he calls us names.

*2 Wom.* No, no: I charge yee no.

*Man sc.* Was ever harmelesse creature so abus'd?

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To be drench'd under water, to learne dumbnesse  
Amongst the fishes, as I were forbidden  
To use the naturall members I was borne with,  
And of them all, the chiefe that man takes pleasure in;  
The tongue; Oh me accursed wretch. *weeps.*

*Per.* Is this a man?

I aske not by his beard, but by his teares.

*I Wom.* This showre will spend the fury of his tongue,  
And so the tempest's over.

*2 Wom.* I am sorry for't,  
I would have had him duck'd once more;  
But some body will shortly raise the storme  
In him againe I hope for us, to make  
More holiday-sport of him. *Exit.*

*Per.* Sure these are dreames,  
Nothing but dreames.

*Doct.* No, doubtlesse we are awake sir.

*Per.* Can men and women be so contrary  
In all that we hold proper to each sex?

*Doct.* I'me glad he takes a taste of sence in that yet.

*Per.* 'Twill aske long time and study to reduce  
Their manners to our government.

*Doct.* these are  
Low things and easie to be qualified ———  
But see sir, here come Courtiers, note their manners.

*Act. 4. Scene 5. Enter a Courtier.*

*1 Cour.* This was three shillings yesterday, how now!  
All gone but this? six pence, for leather soles  
To my new greene silke stockings, and a groate  
My ordinary in Pompions bak'd with Onions.

*Per.* Doe such eate Pompions?

*Doct.* Yes; and Clownes Musk-Mellons.

*1 Cour.* Three pence I lost at Nyne-pines; but I got  
Six tokens towards that at Pigeon holes ———

'S nayles wheres the rest; is my poake bottome broake?

*2 Cour.* What lacke! A pox ore take thee not; how dost? *kicke.*

*1 Cour.* What with a vengeance aylst? dost thinke my breech  
Is made of Bell-mettall? take that. *Box o' the eare.*

*2 Cour.* In earnest?

*1 Cour.* Yes till more comes.

*2 Cour*

*The Antipodes.*

2 *Cour.* Poz rot your hold, let goe my locke, dee thinke  
Y'are currying of your Fathers horse againe?

1 *Cour.* Ile teach you to abuse a man behind, *They baffes.*  
Was troubled too much afore: *Act 4. Sc. 6. Ent. 3. Court.*

3 *Cour.* Hay, there boyes, there.  
Good boyes are good boyes still. There *Will*, there *Iack*.  
Not a blow, now he's downe.

2 *Cour.* 'Twere base, I scorn't.

1 *Cour.* There's as proud fall, as stand in Court or City.

3 *Cour.* That's well said *Will*, troth I commend you both.  
How fell you out? I hope in no great anger.

2 *Cour.* For mine owne part I vow I was in jest.

1 *Cour.* But I have told you twice and once, *Will*, jest not  
With me behind. I never could endure  
(Not of a Boy) to put up things behinde:  
And that my Tutor knew; I had bin a Schollar else.  
Besides you know my sword was nock'd i'th' fashion,  
Iust here behinde, for my backe-guard and all;  
And yet you would do't.

I had as liefse you would take a knife — — 3 *Cour.* Come, come,  
Y'are friends. Shake hands ile give you halfe a dozen  
At the next Ale-house, to set all right and stroight.

And a new song; a dainty one; here tis. *a Ballad.*

1 *Cour.* O thou art happy that canst reade —  
I would buy Ballads too, had I thy learning.

3 *Cour.* Come, we burn day-light, and the Ale may sowre. *Ex.*

*Per.* Call you these Courtiers? They are rude filken Clowns;  
As course within, as water-men or Car-men. *Act 4. Scen. 7.*

*Doff.* Then look on these: Here are of those conditions *En. car-*  
*Wat.* Sir, I am your servant. *man, & waterman.*

*Car.* I am much oblig'd

Sir, by the plenteous favours your humanity  
And noble vertue have conferr'd upon me,  
To answer with my service your deservings.

*Wat.* You speake what I should say. Be therefore pleas'd  
T'unload, and lay the wait of your commands  
Vpon my care to serve you. *Ca.* Still your Courtesies,

Like waves of a Spring-tide, ore-flow the Bankes  
Of your abundant store: and from your Channell,  
Or streame of faire affections, you cast forth

Those

*The Antipodes.*

Those sweet refreshings on me (that were else  
But sterile earth) which cause a gratitude  
To grow upon me, humble, yet ambitious  
In my Devoire, to doe you best of service.

*Wat.* I shall no more extend my utmost labour,  
With Oare and Saile to gaine the lively-hood  
Of wife and children, then to set a shore  
You, and your faithfull honourers at the haven  
Of your best wishes.

*Car.* Sir, I am no lesse  
Ambitious, to be made the happy meanes,  
With whip and whistle, to draw up, or drive  
All your detractors to the Gallowes.

*Act 4. Scene 8.*

*Enter Sedan-man.*

*Wat.* See,  
Our noble friend. *Sed.* Right happily encountred —  
I am the just admirer of your vertues.

2. We are, in all, your servants. *Sed.* I was in quest,  
Of such elect society, to spend  
A dinner-time withall. 2. Sir we are for you.

*Sed.* Three are the golden Number in a Taverne;  
And at the next of best, with the best meate,  
And wine the house affoord (if you so please)  
We will be competently merry. *I*  
Have receiv'd, lately; Letters from beyond Seas,  
Importing much of the occurrences,  
And passages of forraigne States. The knowledge  
Of all I shall impart to you. *Wat.* And I

Have all the new advertisements from both  
Our Universities, of what has past  
The most remarkably of late. *Car.* And from  
The Court I have the newes at full,  
Of all that was observable this Progresse. *Per.* From Court?

*Dost.* Yes sir: They know not there, they have  
A new King here at home. *Sed.* Tis excellent!  
We want but now, the newes-collecting Gallant  
To fetch his Dinner, and Materialls  
For his this weeks dispatches. *Wat.* I dare thinke  
The meat and newes being hot upon the Table,  
He'll smell his way to't.

# The Antipodes.

*Sed.* Please you to know yours, sir?      *Car.* Sir, after you.

*Sed.* Excuse me.      *Wat.* By no means sir.

*Car.* Sweet Sir lead on.      *Sed.* It shall be as your servant  
Then, to prepare your dinner.      *Wat.* Pardon me.

*Car.* Insooth ile follow you.      *Wat.* Yet tis my obedience      *Ex.*

*Per.* Are these but labouring men, and tother Courtiers?

*Doct.* Tis common here sir, for your watermen  
To write most learnedly, when your Courtier  
Has scarce ability to read.      *Per.* Before I reigne  
A Moneth among them, they shall change their notes,  
Or ile ordaine a course to change their Coats.  
I shall have much to doe in reformation.

*Doct.* Patience and Counsell will goe through it sir.

*Per.* What if I crav'd? a Counsell from New England?  
The old will spare me none.

*Doct.* Is this man mad?

My cure goes fairely on. Doe you marvaile that  
Poore men out-shine the Courtiers? Looke you sir,  
A sicke-man giving counsell to a Physitian:  
And there's a Puritan Trades-man, teaching a  
Great Traveller to lye: That Ballad-woman  
Gives light to the most learned Antiquary  
In all the Kingdome.

*Bal.* Buy new Ballads, come.

*Doct.* A naturall foole, there, giving grave instru-  
T'a Lord Embassador: That's a Schilmatick,  
Teaching a Scrivener to keep his cares:  
A parish Clarke, there, gives the Rudiments  
Of Military Discipline to a Generall:

And there's a Basket-maker confuting *Bellarmino*.

*Per.* Will you make me mad?

*Doct.* We are faild, I hope,  
Beyond the line of madnesse. Now sir, see  
A States-man studious for the Common-wealth,  
Solicited by Projectors of the Country.

*Byp.* Your Projects are all good I like them wel.  
Especially these two: This for th' increase of wooll:  
And this for the destroying of Mice: They'r good,  
And grounded on great reason. As for yours,

*These persons  
passe over  
the Stage in  
Couples, ac-  
cording as he  
describes  
them.*

*Act 4. Sc. 9.*

*Ent. Byplay  
like a Statist-  
man. 3. or 4.  
Projectors  
with bundles  
of papers.*

*The Antipodes.*

For putting downe the infinite use of *Jacks*,  
(Whereby the education of young children,  
In turning spits, is greatly hindred)  
It may be look'd into : And yours against  
The multiplicity of pocket-watches,  
(Whereby much neighbourly familiarity,  
By asking, what de' yee gesse it is a Clocke?  
Is lost) when every puny Clerke can carry  
The time oth' day in's Breeches : This, and these  
Hereafter may be lookt into : For present;  
This for the increase of Wool; that is to say,  
By fleying of live horses, and new covering them  
With Sheeps-skins, I doe like exceedingly.  
And this for keeping of tame Owles in Cities,  
To kill up Rats and Mice, whereby all Cats  
May be destroyed, as an especiall meanes  
To prevent witch-craft and contagion.

*Per.* Here's a wise businesse !

*Pro.* Will your honour now,  
Be pleas'd to take into consideration  
The poore mens suits for Briefes, to get reliefe  
By common charity throughout the Kingdome,  
Towards recovery of their lost estates.

*Byp.* What are they ? let me heare.

*Pro.* First, here's a Gamster, that sold house and land,  
To the knowne value of five thousand pounds,  
And by misfortune of the Dice lost all,  
To his extreame undoing ; having neither  
A wife or child to succour him.

*Byp.* A Batchelour !

*Pro.* Yes, my good Lord. *Byp.* And young, and healthfull?

*Pro.* Yes. *Byp.* Alas tis lamentable: he deserves much pittie.

*Per.* How's this ? *Doct.* Observe him further, pray sir.

*Pro.* Then, here's a Bawd, of sixty odde yeares standing.

*Byp.* How old was she when she set up?

*Pro.* But foure

And twenty, my good Lord. She was both ware  
And Merchant ; Flesh and Butcher, (as they say)  
For the first twelve yeares of her house-keeping :  
She's now upon fourescore, and has made markets

*The Antipodes.*

Oft twice foure thousand choyse virginities ;  
And twice their number of indifferent geare.  
(No riffe raffe was she ever knowne to cope for)  
Her life is certifi'd here by the Iustices,  
Adjacent to her dwelling —————

*Byp.* She is decai'd.

*Pro.* Quite trade-fallen, my good Lord, now in her dotage ;  
And desperately undone by ryot. *Byp.* 'Lasse good woman,

*Pro.* She has consum'd in prodigall feasts and Fidlers,  
And lavish lendings to debauch'd Comrades,  
That suckt her purse, in Jewells, Plate, and money,  
To the full value of sixe thousand pounds.

*Byp.* She shall have a Collection, and deserves it.

*Per.* Tis monstrous, this.

*Pro.* Then here are divers more,  
Of Pandars, Cheaters, house-and high-way Robbers,  
That have got great estates in youth and strength,  
And wasted all as fast in wine and Harlots,  
Till age o'retooke 'hem, and disabled them,  
For getting more.

*Byp.* For such the Law provides  
Reliefe within those Counties, where they practis'd.

*Per.* Ha ! what for thieves ?

*Doct.* Yes, their Law punisheth  
The rob'd, and not the thiefe, for surer warning,  
And the more safe prevention. I have scene  
Folkes whipt for losing of their goods and money,  
And the picke-pockets cherish'd.

*Byp.* The weale publicke,  
As it severely punisheth their neglect,  
Undone by fire ruines, shipwracke, and the like,  
With whips, with brands, and losse of carelesse cares,  
Imprisonment, banishment, and sometimes death ;  
And carefully maintaineth houses of Correction  
For decay'd Schollars, and maim'd Souldiers ;  
So doth it finde reliefe, and almes-houses,  
For such as liv'd by Rapine and by Cosenage.

*Per.* Still worse and worse ! abhorrible ! horrid !

*Pro.* Yet here is one, my Lord, 'bove all the rest,  
Whose services have generally bin knowne,

Though

*The Antipodes.*

Though now he be a spectacle of pitty: *Byp.* Who's that?

*Pro.* The captaine of the Cut-purses, my Lord;  
That was the best at's art that ever was,  
Is fallen to great decay, by the dead palfie  
In both his hands, and craves a large collection.

*Byp.* Ile get it him. *Per.* You shall not get it him.  
Doe you provide whips, brands; and ordaine death,  
For men that suffer under fire, or shipwracke,  
The losse of all their honest gotten wealth :  
And finde reliefe for Cheaters, Bawdes, and Thieves ?  
Ile hang yee all. *Byp.* Mercy great King. *Omnes.* O mercy.

*Byp.* Let not our ignorance suffer in your wrath,  
Before we understand your highnesse Lawes,  
We went by custome, and the warrant, which  
We had in your late Predecessors raigne ;  
But let us know your pleasure, you shall finde  
The State and Common-wealth in all obedient,  
To alter Custome, Law, Religion, all,  
To be conformable to your commands.

*Per.* Tis a faire protestation : And my mercy  
Meets your submission. See you merit it  
In your conformity. *Byp.* Great Sir we shall.

In signe whereof we lacerate these papers. *Letoy, Diana,*  
And lay our necks beneath your Kingly feet. *Ioylesse, ap-*  
*peare above.*

*Per.* Stand up, you have our favour.

*Dia.* And mine too ?

Never was such an actor as *Extempore !*

*Joy.* You were best to flye out of the window to him.

*Dia.* Me thinkes I am even light enough to doe it.

*Joy.* I could finde in my heart to Quoit thee at him.

*Dia.* So he would catch me in his armes I car'd not.

*Let.* Peace both of you, or you'll spoyle all. *Byp.* your Grace  
Abounds — abounds. — your Grace — I say abounds.

*Let.* Pox o' your mumbling chops ; is your braine dry ?  
Doe you pump ? *Dia.* He has done much my Lord, and may  
Hold out a little. *Let.* Would you could hold your peace  
So long. *Dia.* Doe you sneap me too my Lord.

*Joy.* Ha, ha, ha. *Let.* Blockhead.

## The Antipodes.

*Ioy.* I hope his hotter zeale to's actors  
Will drive out my wives love-heat.      *Dia.* I had  
No need to come hither to be sneapt.

*Let.* Hoyday ! The rest will all be lost, we now give over  
The play, and doe all by *Extempore*,  
For your sonnes good, to sooth him into's wits.  
If you'l marre all, you may. Come nearer cockf-combe,  
Ha you forgotten (puppy) my instructions  
Touching his subjects, and his marriage ?

*Byp.* I have all now my Lord.      *Per.* What voyce was that ?

*Byp.* A voyce out of the clouds, that doth applaud  
Your highnesse welcome to your subjects loves.

*Let.* So, now he's in. Sit still, I must goe downe  
And set out things in order.      *Ex.*

*Byp.* A voyce that doth informe me of the tydings  
Spread through your kingdom, of your great arrivall ;  
And of the generall joy your people bring  
To celebrate the welcome of their king.      *Showts within.*  
Hearke how the countrey shouts with joyfull votes,  
Rending the ayre with musick of their throats. *drum & trumpets*  
Hearke how the souldier, with his martiall noise,  
Threatens your foes, to fill your Crowne with joyes.  
Hearke how the City, with loud harmony,      *Haughboyes.*  
Chaunts a free welcome to your majesty.

Heark how the Court prepares your grace to meet      *Soft musick.*  
With solemne musick, state and beauty sweet.      *Act 4. Sce. 10.*

*The soft musicke playing. Ent. by two and two, divers Courtiers,  
Martha after them, like a Queene between two boyes in robes. Her  
train borne up by Barbaras, all the Lords kneele, and kisse Perigrines  
hand, Martha approaching, he starts backe, but is drawne on by By-  
play and the Doctor. Letoy enters and mingles with the rest, and  
seemes to instruct them all.*

*Dia.* O here's a stately show ! looke master *Ioylesse* :  
Your daughter in law presented like a queene  
Unto your sonne, I warrant now he'l love her.

*Ioy.* A queene ?      *Dia.* Yes, yes, and mistris *Blaze* is made  
The mother of her maides, if she have any :  
Perhaps the Antipodian Court has none.  
See, see, with what a Majesty he receives 'hem.

*Song.*

*The Antipodes.*

*S O N G.*

**H***Ealth, wealth, and joy our wishes bring,  
All in a welcome to our king:*

*May no delight be found,  
Wherewith he be not crown'd,*

*Apollo with the Muses,*

*Who Arts divine infuses,*

*With their choyce Chyrmonds decke his head;*

*Love and the graces make his bed:*

*And to crowne all, let Hymen to his side,*

*Plant a delicious, chaste, and fruitfull Bride.*

*Byp.* Now Sir be happy in a marriage choyce,

That shall secure your title of a king.

See sir, your state presents to you the daughter,

The onely childe and heire apparant of

Our late deposed and deceased Sovereigne,

Who with his dying breath bequeath'd her to you.

*Per.* A Crowne secures not an unlawfull marriage.

I have a wife already.

*Doct.* No: you had sir,

But she's deceased.

*Per.* How know you that?

*Doct.* By sure advertisment; and that her fleeting spirit  
Is flowne into, and animates this Princessse.

*Per.* Indeed she's wondrous like her.

*Doct.* Be not slacke

T's embrace and kisse her Sir.

*He kisses her and retires.*

*Mar.* He kisses sweetly;

And that is more then ere my husband did.

But more belongs then kissing to child-getting;

And he's so like my husband, if you note him,

That I shall but lose time and wishes by him,

No, no, Ile none of him.

*Bar.* Ile warrant you he shall fulfill your wishes.

*Mar.* O but try him you first: and then tell me.

*Bar.* There's a new way indeed to choose a husband!

Yet twere a good one to barre foole getting.

*Doct.* Why doe you stand aloofe Sir? *Per.* Mandivell writes

Of people neare the *Antipodes*, call'd *Gadlibriens*:

Where on the wedding-night the husband hires

Another man to couple with his bride,

To cleare the dangerous passage of a Maidenhead.

*Doct.*

*The Antipodes.*

*Doct.* 'Slid he falls backe againe to *Mandevile* madnesse.

*Per.* She may be of that Serpentine generation,  
That stings oft times to death (as *Mandevile* writes)

*Doct.* She's no *Gadlibrien*, Sir, upon my knowledge.  
You may as safely lodge with her, as with  
A mayd of our owne nation. Besides,  
You shall have ample counsell: for the present,  
Receive her, and intreat her to your Chappell.

*Byp.* For safety of your Kingdome, you must do it. *Haughtboies*

*Let.* So, so, so, so, this yet may prove a cure. *Exit in state*

*Dia.* See my Lord now is acting by himselfe. *as Letoy di-*

*Let.* And *Letoy's* wit cryd up triumphant, hoe. *rects. Manet*  
Come master *Ioylesse* and your wife, come downe *Letoy.*

Quickly, your parts are next. I had almost *Act. 4. Sce. 11.*  
Forgot to send my chaplaine after them. *Enter Quailpipe in*  
You *Domine* where are you? *a fantastick shape.*

*Qua.* Here my Lord.

*Let.* What in that shape? *Chap.* Tis for my part my Lord,  
Which is not all perform'd.

*Let.* It is sir, and the Play for this time. We  
Have other worke in hand. *Quai.* Then have you lost  
Action (I dare be bold to speake it) that  
Most of my coat could hardly imitate.

*Let.* Goe shift your coat sir, or for expedition,  
Cover it with your owne, due to your function.  
Follyes, as well as vices, may be hid so:  
Your vertue is the same; dispatch, and doe  
As Doctor *Hughball* shall direct you, go. *Act. 4. Sce. 12. Exit.*  
Now Master *Ioylesse*, doe you note the progresse *Qua. Enter*  
And the faire issue likely to insue *Ioylesse, Diana.*

In your sons cure? observe the Doctors art.  
First, he has shifted your sonnes knowne disease  
Of madnesse into folly; and has wrought him  
As farre short of a competent reason, as  
He was of late beyond it, as a man  
Infected by some fowle disease is drawne  
By physicke into an Anatomy,  
Before flesh fit for health can grow to reare him,  
So is a mad-man made a foole, before

*The Antipodes:*

Art can take hold of him to wind him up  
Into his proper Center, or the Medium  
From which he flew beyond himselfe. The Doctor  
Assures me now, by what he has collected  
As well from learned authors as his practise,  
That his much troubled and confused braine  
Will by the reall knowledge of a woman,  
Now opportunely tane, be by degrees  
Setled and rectified, with the helps beside  
Of rest and dyet, which he'le administer.

*Dia.* But tis the reall knowledge of the woman  
(Carnall I think you meane) that carries it.

*Let.* Right, right.

*Dia.* Nay right or wrong, I could even wish  
If he were not my husbands son, the Doctor  
Had made my selfe his *Recipe*, to be the meanes  
Of such a Cure. *Ioy.* How, how?

*Dia.* Perhaps that course might cure your madnes too,  
Of jealousy, and set all right on all sides.  
Sure, if I could but make him such a foole,  
He would forgoe his madnes, and be brought  
To christian Sence againe.

*Ioy.* Heaven grant me patience,  
And lend us to my Country home againe.

*Dia.* Besides, the yong mans wife's as mad as he,  
What wise worke will they make!

*Let.* The better, fear't not,  
*Bab Blaze* shall give her Counsel; and the youth  
Will give her royall satisfaction,  
Now, in this Kingly humour, I have a way  
To cure your husbands jealousy my selfe.

*Dia.* Then I am friends again: Even now I was not  
When you sneapt me my Lord.

*Let.* That you must pardon:  
Come Mr. *Ioylesse*. The new married paire  
Are towards bed by this time; we'le not trouble them  
But keep a house-side to our selves. Your lodging  
Is decently appointed. *Ioy.* Sure your Lordship  
Meanes not to make your house our prison.

*Let.* By

K

My

## *The Antipodes?*

My Lordship but I will for this one night,  
See sir, the Keyes are in my hand. Y<sup>e</sup> are up,  
As I am true *Letoy*. Consider, Sir,  
The strict necessity that tyes you to't,  
As you expect a cure upon your sonne—  
Come Lady, see your Chamber. *Dia*. I doe waite  
Upon your Lordship, *Letoy*. I both wait, and watch,  
Never was man so master'd by his match, *Ex. omn.*

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## Act 5. Scene 1.

*Ioyleffe : with a light in his hand.*

*Ioey.* **D**iana ! ho ! where are you ? she is lost.  
Here is no further passage. All's made fast.  
This was the Bawdy way, by which she scap'd  
My narrow watching. Have you privy posternes  
Behind the hangings in your strangers Chambers ?  
She's lost from me, for ever. Why then seek I ?  
O my dull eyes, to let her slip so from yee,  
To let her have her lustfull will upon me !  
Is this the Hospitality of Lords ?  
Why, rather, if he did intend my shame,  
And her dishonour, did he not betray me  
From her out of his house, to travaile in  
The bare suspition of their filthinesse ;  
But hold me a nose-witnesse to its ranknesse ?  
No : This is sure the Lordlier way ; and makes  
The act more glorious in my sufferings. O—  
May my hot curses on their melting pleasures,  
Cement them so together in their lust,  
That they may never part, but grow one monster.

*Act 5. Scene 2. Enter Barbara.*

*Bar.* Good gentleman ! he is at his prayers now,

*The Antipodes.*

For his mad sonnes good night-worke with his bride;  
Well fare your heart Sir; you have pray'd to purpose;  
But not all night I hope. Yet sure he has,  
He looks so wild for lacke of sleepe. Y'are happy fir.  
Your prayers are heard; no doubt, for I'm perswaded  
You have a childe got you to night. *Joy.* Is't gone  
So farre doe you thinke? *Bar.* I cannot say how farre.  
Not fathome deepe I thinke. But to the scantling  
Of a Child-getting, I dare well imagine.  
For which, as you have pray'd, forget not fir  
To thanke the Lord oth' house. *Joy.* For getting me  
A child? why I am none of his great Lordships tenants,  
Nor of his followers, to keepe his Bastards.  
Pray stay a little.

*Bar.* I should goe tell my Lord  
The newes: he longs to know how things doe passe.

*Joy.* Tell him I take it well; and thanke him.  
I did before despaire of Children I.

But ile goe wi' yee, and thanke him. *Bar.* Sure his joy  
Has madded him: Here's more worke for the Doctor.

*Joy.* But tell me first: were you their Bawd that speak this?

*Bar.* What meane you with that Dagger?

*Joy.* Nothing I,  
But play with't. Did you see the passages  
Of things? I aske, were you their Bawd?

*Bar.* Their Bawd? I trust she is no Bawd, that sees, and helps  
(If need require) an ignorant lawfull paire  
To doe their best. *Joy.* Lords actions all are lawfull.

And how? and how?

*Bar.* These old folkes love to heare.  
Ile tell you fir—and yet I will not neither.

*Joy.* Nay, pray thee out with't. *Bar.* Sir, they went to bed.

*Joy.* To bed I well on.

*Bar.* On? they were off fir yet;  
And yet a good while after. They were both  
So simple, that they knew not what, nor how.  
For she's fir, a pure maid.

*Joy.* Who dost thou speake of?

*The Antipodes.*

*Bar.* Ile speake no more, lesse you can looke more tamely.

*Joy.* Goe bring me to 'hem then. Bawd will you goe?

*Bar.* Ah——

*Act 5. Scene 3. Enter Byplay and holds Ioylesse.*

*Byp.* What aile you sir : why Bawd ? whose Bawd is she ?

*Joy.* Your Lords Bawd, and my wives.

*Byp.* You are jealous mad.

Suppose your wife be missing at your Chamber,

And my Lord too at his, they may be honest :

If not, what's that to her, or you I pray,

Here in my Lords owne house ?

*Joy.* Brave, brave, and monstrous !

*Byp.* Shee has not seene them. I heard all your talke.

The Child she intimated, is your grandchild.

In posse sir, and of your sonnes begetting.

*Bar.* I, ile be sworne I meant, and said so too?

*Joy.* Where is my wife ?

*Byp.* I can give no account,

If she be with my Lord I dare not trouble 'hem.

Nor must you offer at it : no nor stab your selfe.

*Byp. takes a-  
way his dagger.*

But come with me : ile counsell, or, at least,

Governe you better : Shee may be, perhaps,

About the Bride-chamber, to heare some sport ;

For you can make her none ; 'lasse good old man.

*Joy.* J' me most insufferably abus'd. *Byp.* Vnlesse

The killing of your selfe may do't ; and that

J would forbear, because, perhaps 'twould please her.

*Joy.* Jf fire, or water, poyson, cord, or Steele,

Or any meanes be found to do it : ile doe it ;

Not to please her, but rid me of my torment.

*Ex. Joy. and*

*Byp.* J have more care and charge of you than so.

*Byp.*

*Bar.* What an old desperate man is this, to make

Away your selfe for feare of being a Cuckold !

If every man that is, or that but knowes

Himselfe to be oth' order, should doe so,

How many desolate widowes would here be,

They are not all of that minde. Here's my husband.

*Act 5. Scene 4. Ent. Blaize with a habit in his hand.*

*Bla. Bab ! art thou here ?*

*Bar.*

*The Antipodes.*

*Bar.* Looke well. How thinkst thou *Tony*?  
Hast not thou neither slept to night? *Bla.* Yes, yes.  
I lay with the Butler. Who was thy bed-fellow?

*Bar.* You know I was appoynted to sit up.

*Bla.* Yes, with the Doctor in the Bride-chamber.  
But had you two no waggery? Ha!

*Bar.* Why how now *Tony*?

*Bla.* Nay facks I am not jealous:  
Thou knowst I was cur'd long since, and how.  
I jealous! I an asse. A man sha'n't aske  
His wife shortly, how such a gentleman does?  
Or how such a gentleman did? or which did best?  
But she must thinke him jealous.

*Bar.* You need not: for  
If I were now to dye on't, nor the Doctor,  
Nor I came in a bed to night: I meane  
Within a bed.

*Bla.* Within, or without, or over, or under,  
I have no time to thinke o' such poore things.

*Bar.* What's that thou carriest *Tony*?

*Bla.* Oho *Bab*.  
This is a shape.

*Bar.* A shape? what shape I prethee *Tony*?

*Bla.* Thou'lt see me in't anon; but shalt not know me  
From the starkst foole ith' Towne. And I must dance  
Naked in't *Bab*.

*Bar.* Will here be Dancing *Tony*?

*Bla.* Yes *Bab*. My Lord gave order for't last night.  
It should ha' bin ith' Play: But because that  
Was broke off, he will ha't today.

*Bar.* O *Tony*.

I did not see thee act ith' Play. *Bla.* O, but  
I did though *Bab*, two Mutes.

*Bar.* What in those Breeches?

*Bla.* Fie foole, thou understandst not what a Mute is.  
A Mute is a dumbe Speaker in the Play.

*Bar.* Dumbe Speaker! that's a Bull. Thou wert the Bull  
Then, in the Play. Would I had seene thee rore.

*Bla.* That's a Bull too, as wise as you are *Bab*.

A Mute is one that acteth speakingly,

And

*The Antipodes.*

And yet sayes nothing. I did two of them.  
The Sage Man-midwife, and the Basket-maker.

*Bar.* Well *Tony*, I will see thee in this thing.  
And tis a pretty thing.

*Bla.* Prethee good *Bab*,  
Come in, and help me on with't in our Tying-house.  
And helpe the Gentlemen, my fellow dancers,  
And thou shalt then see all our things, and all  
Our properties and practice to the Musicke.

*Bar.* O *Tony* come, I long to be at that. *Exeunt.*

*Act. 5. Scene 2. Letoy, and Diana.*

*Dia.* My Lord, your strength and violence prevaile not.  
There is a Providence above my vertue,  
That guards me from the fury of your lust.

*Let.* Yet, yet, I prethee yield. Is it my person  
That thou despisest? See, here's wealthy treasure, *a table set*  
Jewells, that *Cleopatra* would have left *forth, covered*  
Her *Marcus* for. *with treasure.*

*Dia.* My Lord tis possible,  
That she who leaves a husband, may be bought  
Out of a second friendship.

*Let.* Had stout *Tarquin*  
Made such an offer, he had done no Rape,  
For *Lucrece* had consented, sav'd her owne,  
And all those lives that followed in her cause.

*Dia.* Yet then she had beene a loser.

*Let.* Wouldst have gold?  
*Mammon*, nor *Pluto's* selfe should over-bid me,  
For it'd give all. First, let me raine a showre,  
To out-vie that which overwhelmed *Danaë*;  
And after that another; a full river  
Shall from my chests perpetually flow  
Into thy store.

*Dia.* I have not much lov'd wealth,  
But have not loath'd the sight of it, till now,  
That you have soyld it with that foule opinion  
Of being the price of vertue. Though the Metall  
Be pure, and innocent in it selfe; such use  
Of it is odious, indeed damnable,

Both

*The Antipodes.*

Both to the feller, and the purchaser :  
Pitty it should be so abus'd. It beares  
A stampe upon't, which but to clip is treason.  
Tis ill us'd there, where Law the life controules ;  
Worse, where tis made a salary for soules.

*Let.* Deny'st thou wealth? wilt thou have pleasure then  
Given, and ta'ne freely, without all condition?  
Ile give thee such, as shall (if not exceed)  
Be at the least, comparative with those,  
Which *Jupiter* got the Demy-gods with ; and  
*Juno* was mad she mist.

*Dia.* My Lord, you may  
Glose o're, and gild the vice, which you call pleasure,  
With god-like attributes ; when it is, at best  
A sensuality, so farre below  
Dishonourable, that it is meere beastly ;  
Which reason ought to abhorre ; and I detest it,  
More than your former hated offers. *Let.* Lastly.  
Wilt thou have honour ! Ile come closer to thee ;  
(For now the Flames of Love grow higher in me,  
And I must perish in them, or enjoy thee)  
Suppose I finde by Power, or Law, or both,  
A meanes to make thee mine, by freeing  
Thee from thy present husband.

*Dia.* Hold, stay there.  
Now should I utter volumes of perswasions ;  
Lay the whole world of Riches, pleasures, honours,  
Before me in full grant, that one, last word  
Husband, and from your owne mouth spoke, confutes  
And vilifies even all. The very name  
Of husband, rightly weigh'd, and well remembred,  
Without more Law or discipline, is enough  
To governe woman-kinde in due obedience ;  
Master all loose affections, and remove  
Those Idolls, which too much, too many love ;  
And you have set before me, to beguile  
Me of the faith I owe him. But, remember  
You grant I have a husband ; urge no more,  
I seek his love. Tis fit he loves no whore.

*Let.*

*The Antipodes.*

*Le.* This is not yet the way. You have seene Lady,  
My ardent love, which you doe seeme to slight,  
Though to my death, pretending zeale to your husband.  
My person, nor my proffers are so despicable,  
But that they might (had I not vow'd affection  
Intirely to your selfe) have met with th'embraces  
Of greater persons, no lesse faire, that can  
Too, (if they please) put on Formality,  
And talke in as divine a straine, as you.  
This is not earnest, make my word but good,  
Now with a smile, ile give thee a thousand pound.  
Looke o' my face—Come—prithee looke and laugh not—  
Yes, laugh, and dar'st—Dimple this cheek a little;  
Ile nip it else.

*Dia.* I pray forbear my Lord:  
I'me past a childe, and will be made no wanton.

*Let.* How can this be? so young? so vigorous?  
And so devoted to an old mans bed!

*Dia.* That is already answerd. He's my husband.  
You are old too my Lord.

*Let.* Yes, but of better metall:  
A jealous old man too, whose disposition  
Of injury to beauty, and young blood,  
Cannot but kindle fire of just revenge  
In you, if you be woman, to requite  
With your owne pleasure his unnaturall spight.  
You cannot be worse to him than he thinks you,  
Considering all the open scornes and jeeres  
You cast upon him, to a flat defiance;  
Then the affronts I gave, to choake his anger:  
And lastly your stolne absence from his chamber:  
All which confirms (we have as good as told him)  
That he's a Cuckold, yet you trifle time,  
As 'twere not worth the doing.

*Dia.* Are you a Lord?  
Dare you boast honor, and be so ignoble?  
Did not you warrant me upon that pawne  
(Which can take up no mony) your blanck honour,  
That you would cure his jealousy, which affects him  
Like a sharpe sore, if I to ripen it

*The Antipodes.*

Would set that counterfeit face of scorne upon him,  
Onely in shew of disobedience, which  
You wonne me to, upon your protestation,  
To render me unstain'd to his opinion,  
And quit me of his jealousie for ever.

*Let.* No: not unstain'd by your leave, if you call  
Unchastity a staine. But for his yellows,  
Let me but lye with you, and let him know it,  
His jealousie is gone, all doubts are clear d,  
And for his love and good opinion,  
He shall not dare deny't. Come; be wise,  
And this is all: all is as good as done  
To him already: let't beso with us;  
And trust to me, my power, and your owne,  
To make all good with him—If not: Now marke,  
To be reveng d for my lost hopes (which yet  
*I* pray thee save) Ile put thee in his hands,  
Now in his heat of fury; and not spare  
To boast thou art my Prostitute; and thrust yee  
Out of my gates, to try't out by your selves.

*Dia.* this you may doe, and yet be still a Lord;  
This can *I* beare, and still be the same woman!  
*I* am not troubled now, your wooing oratory,  
Your violent hands (made stronger by your lust)  
Your tempting gifts, and larger promises  
Of honor and advancements were all frivolous;  
But this last way of threats, ridiculous,  
To a safe minde, that beares no guilty grudge:  
My peace dwells here, while yonder sits my judge.  
And in that faith ile dye.

*Act. 5. See.*

*Let.* She is invincible!

*Ent. Ioylesse and Byplay.*

Come ile relate you to your husband.

*Ioy. No,*

Ile meet her with more joy then I receiv'd

Upon our marriage-day. My better soule.

Let me againe embrace thee.

*Byp.* Take your dudgeon Sir,

I ha done you simple service.

*Ioy.* O my Lord,

My Lord, you have cur'd my jealousie, I thanke you;

And more, your man for the discovery;

But most the constant meanes, my vertuous wife,

*The Antipodes.*

Your medicine my sweet Lord. *Let.* She has tane all  
I meane to give her sir Now sirrah, speake.

*Byp.* I brought you to the stand from whence you saw  
How the game went. *Ioy.* Oh my deare, deare *Diana.*

*Byp.* I seem'd to doe it against my will, by which I gain'd  
Your bribe of twenty peeces. *Ioy.* Much good doe thee.

*Byp.* But I assure you, my Lord give me order,  
To place you there, after it seemes he had  
Well put her to't within. *Ioy.* Stay, stay, stay, stay ;

Why may not this be then a counterfeit action,  
Or a false mist to blinde me with more error ?  
The ill I fear'd may have beene done before,  
And all this but deceit to dawbe it ore.

*Dia.* Doe you fall backe againe ? *Ioy.* Shugh, give me leave.

*Byp.* I must take charge I see o'th' dagger againe.

*Let.* Come *loyleffe*, I have pittie on thee; Heare me.  
I swear upon mine honor she is chaste.

*Ioy.* Honor! an oath of glasse ! *Let.* I prithce Heare me.  
I try'd and tempted her for mine owne ends,  
More then for thine. *Ioy.* That's easily beleev'd.

*Let.* And had she yielded, I not onely had  
Rejected her (for it was ne're my purpose,  
(Heaven I call thee to witnesse) to commit  
A sinne with her) but layd a punishment  
Upon her, greater then thou couldst inflict.

*Ioy.* But how can this appeare ?

*Let.* Doe you know your father Lady ?

*Dia.* I hope I am so wise a childe. *Let.* Goe call  
In my friend *Truelocke*. *Byp.* Take your dagger Sir;  
Now I dare trust you. *Let.* Sirrah, dare you foole.  
When I am serious? send in master *Truelocke*. *Exit Byp.*

*Dia.* That is my fathers name. *Ioy.* Can he be here ?

*Let.* Sir, I am neither conjurer nor witch,  
But a great Fortune-teller, that you I finde,  
You are happy in a wife sir, happier — yes.  
Happier by a hundred thousand pound,  
Then you were yesterday — *Ioy.* So, so, now he's mad.

*Let.* I meane in possibilities: provided that  
You use her well, and never more be jealous.

*Ioy.*

*The Antipodes.*

*Ioy.* Must it come that way.      *Let.* Looke you this way sir,  
When I speake to you, ile crosse your fortune else,  
As I am true *Letoy.*      *Ioy.* Mad, mad, he's mad,  
Would we were quickly out on's fingers yet.

*Let.* When saw you your wives father? answer me?

*Ioy.* He came for London foure dayes before us.      *Act. 5. Sc. 6.*

*Let.* Tis possible he's here then, doe you know him?

*Dia.* O I am happy in his sight. Deare sir.      *Enter Truelocke.*

*Let.* Tis but so much knee-labour lost, stand up,      *she kneeles.*  
Stand up, and minde me.

*True.* You are well met, sonne *Ioylesse.*

*Ioy.* How have you beene conceald, and this house?  
Here's myltery in this.      *Tru.* My good Lords pleasure.

*Let.* know sir, that I sent for him, and for you,  
Instrueting your friend *Blaze* my instrument,  
To draw you to my Doctor with your sonne,  
Your wife I knew must follow, what my end  
Was in't shall quickly be discover'd to you,  
In a few words, of your supposed father.

*Dia.* Supposed father!      *Let.* Yes, come master *Truelocke,*  
My constant friend of thirty yeares acquaintance,  
Freely declare with your best knowledge now,  
Whose childe this is.      *Tru.* Your honor do's as freely  
Release me of my vow, then in the secret  
I lock'd up in this brest these seaventeene yeares  
Since she was three dayes old.      *Let.* True, master *Truelocke,*  
I doe release you of your vow: Now speake.

*Tru.* Now she is yours my Lord; your onely daughter,  
And know you master *Ioylesse,* for some reason  
Knowne to my Lord; and large reward to me,  
Shee has beene from the third day of her life  
Reputed mine; and that so covertly,  
That not her Lady mother, nor my wife  
Knew to their deaths, the change of my dead infant,  
Nor this sweet Lady, tis most true we had  
A trusty Nurses helpe and secrecie,  
Well paid for, in the carriage of our plot.

*Let.* Now shall you know what mov'd me sir. I was  
A thing beyond a mad-man, like your selfe,

*The Antipodes.*

Jealous; and had that strong distrust, and fancied  
Such proofes unto my selfe against my wife,  
That I conceiv'd the childe was not mine owne,  
And scorn'd to father it; yet I gave to breed her  
And marry her as the daughter of this gentleman  
(Two thousand pound I guesse you had with her);  
But since your match, my wife upon her death-bed,  
So clear'd her selfe of all my foule suspicions,  
(Blest be her memory) that J then resolv'd  
By some quaint way (for J am still *Letoy*)  
To see and try her thoroughly; and so much  
To make her mine, as I should find her worthy.  
And now thou art my daughter, and mine heire,  
Provided still (for I am still *Letoy*)  
You honourably love her, and desie.  
The Cuckold-making fiend foule jealousye.

*Joy.* My Lord, tis not her birth and fortune, which  
Do joyntly claime a priviledge to live  
Above my reach of jealousye, shall restraine  
That passion in me, but her well tried vertue:  
In the true faith of which J am confirmd,  
And throughly cur'd.

*Let.* As J am true *Letoy*.

Well said. J hope thy son is cur'd by this too.

*Acts 5. See. 7.*

Now Mistris *Blaze*! here is a woman now!

*Enter Barbara.*

J cur'd her husbands jealousye, and twenty more.

J th' Towne, by meanes I and my Doctor wrought.

*Bar.* Truly my Lord, my husband has tane bread

And drunke upon't, that under heaven he thinkes,

You were the meanes to make me an honest woman,

Or (at the least) him a contented man.

*Let.* Ha done, ha done.

*Bar.* Yes, I beleeve you have done.

And if your husband, Lady, be cur'd, as he should be;

And as all foolish jealous husbands ought to be,

I know what was done first, if my Lord tooke

That course with you as me.—

*Let.* Prithee what camst thou for?

*Bar.* My Lord to tell you, (As the Doctor tels me)

The Bride and Bridegroome, Both, are comming on,

The

*The Antipodes.*

The sweetliest to their wits againe. *Let.* I told you.

*Bar.* Now you are a happy man sir ; and I hope a quiet man.

*Ioy.* Full of content and joy.

*Bar.* Content ! So was my husband, when he knew  
The worst he could by his wife. Now youle live quiet Lady.

*Let.* Why flyest thou off, thus woman, from the subject  
Thou wert upon ?

*Bar.* I beg your Honours pardon.  
And now ile tell you. Be it by skill or chance,  
Or both, was never such a Cure, as is  
Vpon that couple : now they strive which most  
Shall love the other. *Let.* Are they up, and ready ?

*Bar.* Vp ! up, and ready to lye downe againe :  
There is no ho with them ;

They have bin in th' *Antipodes* to some purpose ;  
And, now, are risen, and return'd themselves :

He's her deare *Per*, and she is his sweet *Mat*.  
His Kingship and her Queenship are forgotten.

And all their melancholly and his Travailes past,  
And but suppos'd their dreams. *Let.* Tis excellent.

*Bar.* Now sir, the Doctor, (for he is become  
An utter stranger to your sonne ; and so  
Are all about em) craves your presence,  
And such as he's acquainted with. *Let.* Go sir.

And go you daughter. *Bar.* Daughter ! that's the true trick  
of all old whore-masters, to call their wenches daughters.

*Let.* Has he knowne you friend *Trulock* too ?

*Tru.* Yes from his child-hood. *Let.* Go, then, and possesse him  
(Now, he is sensible) how things have gone ; what Arte, what  
meanes, what friends have bin imploy'd in his rare cure ; and  
win him, by degrees, to Sense of where he is ; bring him to me ;  
and I have yet an entertainment for him,  
Of better Settle-braine, then Drunkards porridge,  
To set him right. As I am true *Letoy*,

I have one Toy left. Go, and go you, why stayst thou ? *Exc. Ioy.*

*Bar.* If I had beene a Gentle-woman borne,  
I should have bin your daughter too my Lord.

*Let.* But never as she is.  
You'le know anon.

*The Antipodes.*

*Bar.* Neat city-wives flesh, yet may be as good,  
As your coarse countrey gentlewomans blood. *Exit Bar.*

*Let.* Goe with thy flesh to Turn-bull shambles? Hoe  
Within there. *Act. 5. Sce. 8. Ent. Quailpipe.*

*Qua.* Here my Lord. *Let.* The musicke, songs,  
And dance I gave command for, are they ready?

*Qua.* All my good Lord: and (in good sooth) I cannot enough  
applaud your honours quaint conceit in the designe; so apt, so  
regular, so pregnant, so acute, and so (withall) poetice legiti-  
mate, as I may say justly with *Plautus* —

*Let.* Prithee say no more, but see upon my signall given, they  
act as well as I design'd.

*Qua.* Nay not so well my exact Lord, but as they may, they  
shall. *Exit.*

*Let.* I know no flatterer in my house but this,  
But for his custome I must beare with him.

'Sprecious they come already. Now beginne. *Act 5. Sce. 9.*

*A solemn lesson upon the Recorders. Ent. Truelocke, Ioylesse and  
Diana, Peregrine and Martha, Doctor, and Barbara, Letoy meets  
them. Truelocke presents Peregrine and Martha to him, he salutes  
them. They seeme to make some short discourse. Then Letoy appoints  
them to sit. Peregrine seemes something amazed. The Musicke ceases.*

*Let.* Againe you are welcome sir, and welcome all.

*Per.* I am what you are pleas'd to make me; but withall, so ig-  
norant of mine owne condition; whether I sleepe, or wake, or  
talke, or dreame; whether I be, or be not; or if I am, whether I  
doe, or doe not any thing: for I have had (if I now wake) such  
dreames, and been so far transported in a long and tedious voy-  
age of sleep, that I may fear my manners can acquire no welcome,  
where men understand themselves.

*Let.* This is Musick, Sir, you are welcome; and I give full power  
Unto your father, and my daughter here, your mother to make  
you welcome. *Ioylesse whispers Peregrine.*

*Per.* How! your daughter sir?

*Doct.* My Lord you'l put him backe againe, if you trouble his  
braine with new discoveries.

*Let.* Fetch him you on againe then: pray are you *Letoy* or I?

*Ioy.* Indeed it is so sonne.

*Doct.* I feare your show will but perplex him too.

*Let.*

## *The Antipodes.*

*Let.* I care not sir, ile have it to delay your cure a while, that he recover soundly. Come sit again, again you are most welcome.

*Act 5. Sce. 10.* *A most untunable flourish. Ent. Discord attended by Folly, Iealousie, Melancholy and madnesse.*

There's an unwelcome guest ; uncivill *Discord* that traines into my house her followers, *Folly*, and *Jealousie*, *Melancholy*, and *madnesse*. *Bar.* My husband presents *jealousie* in the black and yellow jaundied sute there, halfe like man, and tother halfe like woman with one horne, and asse-care upon his head.

*Let.* Peace woman, marke what they doe: but but by the way, conceive me this, but shew sir, and devise. *Per.* I thinke so.

*Let.* How goes he backe againe, now doctor ? sheugh.

*Discord.* Song in untunable notes.

Come forth my darlings, you that breed  
The common strifes that discord feed :

Come in the first place, my deare folly ;  
Iealousie next, then *Melancholy*.

And last come *Madnesse*, thou art hee  
That bearest th' effects of all those three,

Lend me your aydes, so discord shall you crowne,

And make this place a kingdome of our owne.

*Act 5. Scene 11.* They dance.

After a while they are broke off by a flourish, and the approach of *Harmony* followed by *Mercury*, *Cupid*, *Bacchus* and *Apollo*.  
*Discord* and her faction fall downe.

*Let.* See *Harmony* approaches, leading on,  
Gainst *Discords* factions, feare great deities ;

*Mercury*, *Cupid*, *Bacchus*, and *Apollo*.

Wit against *Folly*, Love against *Jealousie*,

Wine against *Melancholly*, and 'gainst *Madnesse*, *Health*.

Observe the matter and the Method.

*Per.* Yes. *Let.* And how upon the approach of *Harmony*,  
*Discord* and her disorders are confounded.

*Harmony.* Song.

Come Wit, come Love, come Wine, come *Health*,

Maintainers of my Common-wealth,

Tis you make *Harmony* compleate,

And from the *Solheares* (her temper)

## The Antipodes.

Where Discord claimes a right by birth.

Then let us revell it while we are here,

And keepe possession of this Hemisphere.

After a straine or two, Discord cheares up her faction. They all rise, and mingle in the dance with Harmony and the rest. Daunce.

Let. Note there how Discord cheares up her disorders, To mingle in defiance with the Vertues:

But soone they vanish; and the mansion quit

Ex. Discord.

Unto the Gods of health, love, wine and wit,

Who triumph in their habitation new,

Which they have taken, and assigne to you;

In which they now salute you — Bids you bee

Salute Exc.

Of cheare; and for it, layes the charge on me.

And unto me y'are welcome, welcome all.

Meat, wine, and mirth shall flow, and what I see,

Yet wanting in your cure, supplied shall be.

Per. Indeed I finde me well.

Mar. And so shall I,

After a few such nights more.

Bar. Are you there?

Good Madam, pardon errors of my tongue.

Dia. I am too happy made to thinke of wrong.

Let. We will want nothing for you that may please,

Though we dive for it toth' Antipodes.

The Epilogue.

Doct. **W**Hether my cure be perfect yet or no,  
It lies not in my doctor-ship to know.

Your approbation may more raise the man,

Then all the Colledge of physitians can;

And more health from your faire hands may be wonne,

Then by the streakings of the seaventh sonne.

Per. And from our Travailes in th' Antipodes,

We are not yet arriv'd from off the Seas:

But on the waves of desprate feares we roame

Untill your gentler hands doe waft us home.

Courteous Reader, You shal find in this Booke more then was presexted upon the Stage, and left out of the Presentation, for superfluous length (as some of the Players pretended) I thought good al should be inserted according to the allowed Original; and as it was, at first, intended for the Cock-pit Stage, in the right of my most deserving Friend Mr. VVilliam Beeston, unto whom it properly appertained; and so I leave it to thy perusal, as it was generally applauded, and well attested by the Court.

From all P. D. Rome.





B. P. L. Bindery.  
DEC 18 1908

